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THE SPHERE

Volume CCXXVIII No. 2963

The SPHERE, London, January 12, 1957

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

MR. EISENHOWER OUTLINES HIS MIDDLE EAST POLICY—THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ADDRESSES A JOINT SESSION OF CONGRESS IN WASHINGTON: Sitting behind is Vice-President Nixon. The President asked for authority to employ American military forces to protect any Middle East state or group of states from "overt armed aggression from any nation controlled by international Communism." He also propounded a scheme for economic assistance in the area.

Congress listened almost all the time in solemn silence to the President's announcement of the "Eisenhower Doctrine" for the Middle East. The most important part of his statement was the request for authority to use military forces in the Middle East against Communist aggression. But he placed three limiting conditions on his powers. (1) The forces would only be employed at the direct request of an attacked nation or nations. (2) Congress must sanction their employment. (3) The authority of the United Nations Security Council in accordance with the Charter would be "overriding." The immediate reaction of Congress was reported to be neither enthusiastic nor hostile. Many details of the application of the doctrine required to be filled in. It was expected this would be done at the hearing of the House of Representatives Foreign Affairs Committee this week, when Mr. Dulles was to be the first witness. However, there could be no doubting the great importance of the plan. Outside America, the West welcomed the proposals, Israel was disappointed, Egypt cautious and Russia hostile. (Other Washington pictures on page 73.)

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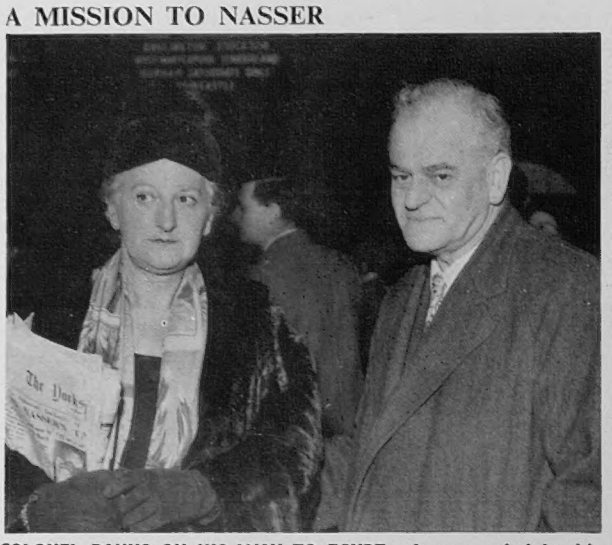
A MISSION TO NASSER



COLONEL BANKS ON HIS WAY TO EGYPT : Accompanied by his wife, Colonel C. Banks, M.P. for Pudsey, leaves his train at King's Cross Station, London, after travelling from his home in the north. Colonel Banks was bound for Egypt, where he hoped to locate the body of Lieutenant Moorhouse and make arrangements for its return through the U.N. authorities. He was delayed at Beirut, lacking Egyptian permission to go on to Cairo, but it was then announced that Lieutenant Moorhouse's body had been handed over to United Nations troops by the Egyptians.

A ROYAL TUTOR AT SANDRINGHAM

On right—

PRINCE CHARLES'S TUTOR-COMPANION : Mr. Michael Farebrother, Headmaster of St. Peter's Preparatory School, Seaford, Sussex, is spending two weeks at Sandringham as tutor-companion to the eight-year-old Duke of Cornwall. Mr. Farebrother is giving Prince Charles holiday lessons, but is also keeping him company in outside activities. The Duke of Edinburgh, who normally spends the holidays with his family, is abroad.

EUROPEAN ROYALTY TO MARRY

A PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARE ENGAGED : Prince Tomislav of Yugoslavia and Princess Margarita of Baden are seen in London after their engagement. The Prince is the son of Queen Marie of Yugoslavia and the late King Alexander. His fiancée is the daughter of the Markgraf and Markgrafin of Baden, and a niece of the Duke of Edinburgh.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Man of the Year.—I won't waste much time over the events of 1956. It has proved a year of disgrace. It has proved the year of little men. Stalin's reputation was "debunked" in February and in June Colonel Nasser was set up in his place as world dictator. The world's statesmen were revealed as little men, the policies of the Great Powers were shown to be as feeble as frail. Since 1937, twenty years of hideous history, the vileness of "civilised" men has exceeded the sum of the cruelty of which men were capable in the Dark Ages and the Middle. Mass murder, torture, enslavement and hatred have been the four horsemen of the bestial apocalypse of our time, from Belsen to Budapest, from Siberia to Port Said. Who will show us any good? A long-unbalanced world seemed by the end of last year to stand completely upside down. The decent elements were scorned or betrayed, the vilest were enthroned. The world and its destiny seemed to be in the hands of little men, frightened or frightful; and Colonel Nasser is undoubtedly the man of the year. On his nod, it seems, depends the economic restoration of half the world. And half the world seems to accept it as right and proper. Indeed, no better choice of *jeune premier* could be made. He exactly typifies the up-ended and dingy private school which is civilisation 1956-57.

The Melting Pot.—That the world is in a state of transition in 1957—the historian's cliché—I readily accept. The world always *is* in that state. To-day it would perhaps be reasonable to use a simile to make its transition more emphatic. It is in the melting-pot, and it is anybody's guess what recognisable or unrecognisable bits and pieces will emerge from the cauldron. The policy of the Kremlin is quite certainly in the pot. America's foreign policy (if any) is simmering there also. The U.N.O. and NATO are bubbling there. Britain, Germany, France are in it up to their necks. The Middle East is seething in the cauldron from the Red Sea to the Black, from the Caspian to the Atlantic. The whole of Africa is in it, and Mao and Nehru have their toes in it. The melting-pot is in fashion. A special little one is bubbling in Britain. Old institutions, old policies, old ways of thought, have all been popped in. The art of government seems to have been lost, the prestige of Parliament has fallen, the institutions which control administration and industry do not fit the times we live in. We have too long been coping with a new and little understood world with the tools, loosely adapted and badly patched, belonging to an era that is dead and gone. And the world and ourselves have made a botch of it. International machinery works no better than national. We have to admit that we are no better than our fathers. So we have popped Papa in Medea's kettle in the hopes of bringing out a young and vigorous man. But the Medea's-kettle remedy is not foolproof. It all depends on an incantation. If the incantation be withheld, the experiment fails. Let us hope, for the sake of the world and ourselves, that the words of the incantation are not lost and that somewhere, here and there, a wise man may be found to speak it. Otherwise nothing *fresh* will emerge.

A Letter from South Germany.—My wife received at the end of December the subjoined letter from a very intelligent woman, born at Breslau but living in Bad Harzburg. She had in 1911 been my wife's governess and, with intervals, they have corresponded occasionally. To us it came as a painful proof of how little we yet comprehend the effects and implications of the Anglo-French action at Port Said :

I prepared for you a present I think you would like but I hesitated to write to you. We are all so full of shame and so very sad about what has happened to the Hungarians caused by the English and the French at the Suez channel. I must tell you. I cannot lie. We all in Western Europe are sitting in the same boat. There is nothing left about splendid isolation. The wrong done by one hits all. The Hungarians must pay for the evil done by the English and French. To deliver this brave and chelvalrous (*sic*) nation into the hands of this horrid Russians !

When we were in Egypt thirty years ago the English had promised "*parole d'honneur*" to leave Egypt. They never did. Thirty years ! When they had left it at last they came back. Why for ? For their oil and their pounds of gold won by the Suez Channel. In Tübingen, a University town, 6,000 students are studying. There was one cry : "We hate war but we *must* go and help Hungarians." I am sure there are many English who th as we think. And we cannot help. We are full of sha You know I love you and I will always love you. don't make dirty politics. You will be as sad as we

Without going again into the rights and wrongs of Suez adventure, we most of us agree that this desper hand was badly played and has in no respect been m bungled than in the failure to put our case to the wor The writer, who is highly intelligent, has swallow whole many factual errors. Her dates and assertio do not bear examination. But she gives us the clear possible indication of Western Germany's detestation Britain to-day, in total disregard of Germany's crimes, of the burden we have borne in the interes of Western Germany and of Germany's failure to ta her share in that burden. If it is not the picture of whole nation, it is quite important as a record of current opinion of an intelligent cross-section. C tainly in 1957 we have a good deal more work to than I realised to up-end the apple-cart and restore good name in quarters hitherto unsuspected.

Ruth Draper.—I was proud to count Ru Draper as a friend. As a diseuse she was unique. S was not an actress. Mr. Darlington summed her

IN THE NEW YEAR HONOURS

MR. CHARLES SNELLING IS MADE A COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF T BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE NEW YEAR HONOURS : Mr. Snelling, who is v chairman of Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., the proprietors of "The Spher is also chairman and managing director of the Inveresk Paper Co. L He is already a Chevalier of the Order of the Polar Star (Swede

shrewdly as a short-story writer of genius who u herself instead of a pen as her medium of expressi She began as an amateur mimic in the drawing-roo of her friends. She needed to make money to h support her large family. Her friends encouraged to seek wider fields. Among them was Percy Chu well known in Britain as a sportsman and lover England. For seventeen years he leased the great C dor grouse moors at Drynachen, and here Ruth Dra would sometimes stay in autumn and would give show to the guests, keepers and beaters, ten miles fr anywhere. She often said that she found nowhere the world a more appreciative audience, quicker take up every nuance, than among the Highland keep and Aberdeen student beaters. And I think she right. How they roared over "Vive la France," "T House Party" and "Showing the Garden." She w I suppose, the most serious-minded artist who e lavished the gift of laughter-making on mankind. T letters I have from her prove that. The boundary-l between tragedy and comedy is imperceptible, an doubt if anybody can bestow the blessed and heal comfort of laughter who has not felt to the depths the heart the tragedies of human life. Certainly private life Ruth Draper showed that she had qualifi to be what she was in public—a God-sent inspired healer by means of the finest medicine in

pharmacopœia—laughter. There 's nothing worth the wear of winning but laughter and the love of friends. She won the double, twice over.

Last Year's Reading.—A bookselling expert, reviewing the year's more important publications in the *Daily Telegraph*, quoted Dr. Johnson on the poet Gray : " He was thought great because he was dull in a new way." He commented that that could be said of many writers to-day. My own comment on Johnson's dictum is that Gray's dullness suits me better than the destructive obscurities of modern poetry and still affords me far more comfort and sense of beauty. If Gray was dull, he was not ugly nor without hope. Old men forget, but their memories of things learned and admired in childhood serve them to the end, for comfort and delight. No doubt what they read in old age of new books is forgotten in a month. More than once this year I have read a second time within weeks a new book without any recollection of the first reading. I confess I find many writers of to-day " dull." The *Sunday Times*' customary team of experts showed very little variety in their choices. The field for the Best Books of 1956 Stakes was under a dozen, and only two or three carried my money. Moorehead's *Gallipoli* was the book of the year for me. L. E. Jones's *Edwardian Youth* held my interest throughout on its merits and for personal reasons. The same goes for General Verney's *Devil's Wind*. I found *The Dead Sea Scrolls* and Huddleston's *Naught for Your Comfort* well worth reading. So, indeed, was *Mrs. Gladstone*. I completely failed to get through *The Towers of Trebizond*, *Thin Ice*, *The Tribe That Lost Its Head*, and was content to read *Men and Power* in newspaper extracts. I acknowledge the beauty of Julian Fane's *Morning* but I invariably fail to appreciate the annals of the nursery and school-room.

Full Circle.—For me, indeed, Gray's " new way of being dull " has come full circle. It was new, became old, and is new again. I look upon the landscapes and picture of England and the world to-day and compare them with those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and I find comfort and infinite charm in the rustic scene, the country churchyard and even in the landscapes of Caldecott. Dull enough by modern standards and perhaps affording only surface beauty. But the writers of those days were not men without hope ; they rode to anchors, they believed in a future, they even believed that right would triumph and that Heaven and Hell were realities. The world we live in is, I suppose, anything but dull. But it is certainly dingy. I am thankful that old men forget, and remember only the sunshine of their youth. Thus I can fall back on Trollope again and again and scoop up a little ration of beauty and truth and philosphy from dull but not dingy Mr. Gray.

The Shooting Season.—" Recreation : shooting." Certainly it is now an expensive recreation, with cartridges nearing £3 a hundred. Excellent cartridges cost 7s. 6d. when I began this lifelong " recreation." Illogical, no doubt, as one grows softer-hearted with old age, but all life is illogical and Nature is cruel, and so I shall go on until I can no longer kill clean and miss clean (which reduces the cruelty to a minimum). It is when you cease to be able to swing boldly forward to the maximum that shooting becomes hateful. Nowadays the farmers are taking to shooting as their recreation and as a means of entertaining their friends, and all over my county they are shouldering-out the syndicates that shot their farms. They have, naturally, still a lot to learn of an art which takes decades of practice and the burning of cartridges on a scale impossible to-day. Indeed, there was far less cruelty in a monster bag of pheasants by cracks in the Edwardian age than in a rough shoot of fifty head to-day on the farm-lands. Sussex is not a great partridge country, but where new methods were tried and properties were well-keepered, some record bags were obtained, and the downland partridges did unexpectedly well. Reared pheasants did well and wild birds throve, despite the dismal summer.

Keeping Down Vermin.—The battle against vermin is every year made more arduous owing to general lack of keepering. Nothing can keep down grey squirrels, jays and magpies so long as owners of neighbouring, isolated woodlands of 50 acres or less make no attempt at control, and the pest officer's job is largely being mis-handled by the indiscriminate slaughter of wild life by forestry officers and farmers' organised shoots. Free cartridges to approved controllers would pay better dividends than bonuses for tails ; and pigeons and jays are becoming too expensive to destroy. However, I look back on an unexpectedly pleasant season, am grateful for being remembered by my friends, enjoyed the best of company and the pleasantest hours of sport on my own syndicated or hired beats, and I hope for another year as good. It cannot be denied, I suppose, that the competitive spirit is a part of the curious attraction of shooting among *homines sapientes*, but if the men know the business, and shoot unselfishly and safely and humanely, " recreation : shooting " will remain on its merits my chief recreation. There are many less meritorious and worth while.

THE OLD STAGER

DISMANTLING A MINE ON THE SOUTH COAST OF ENGLAND

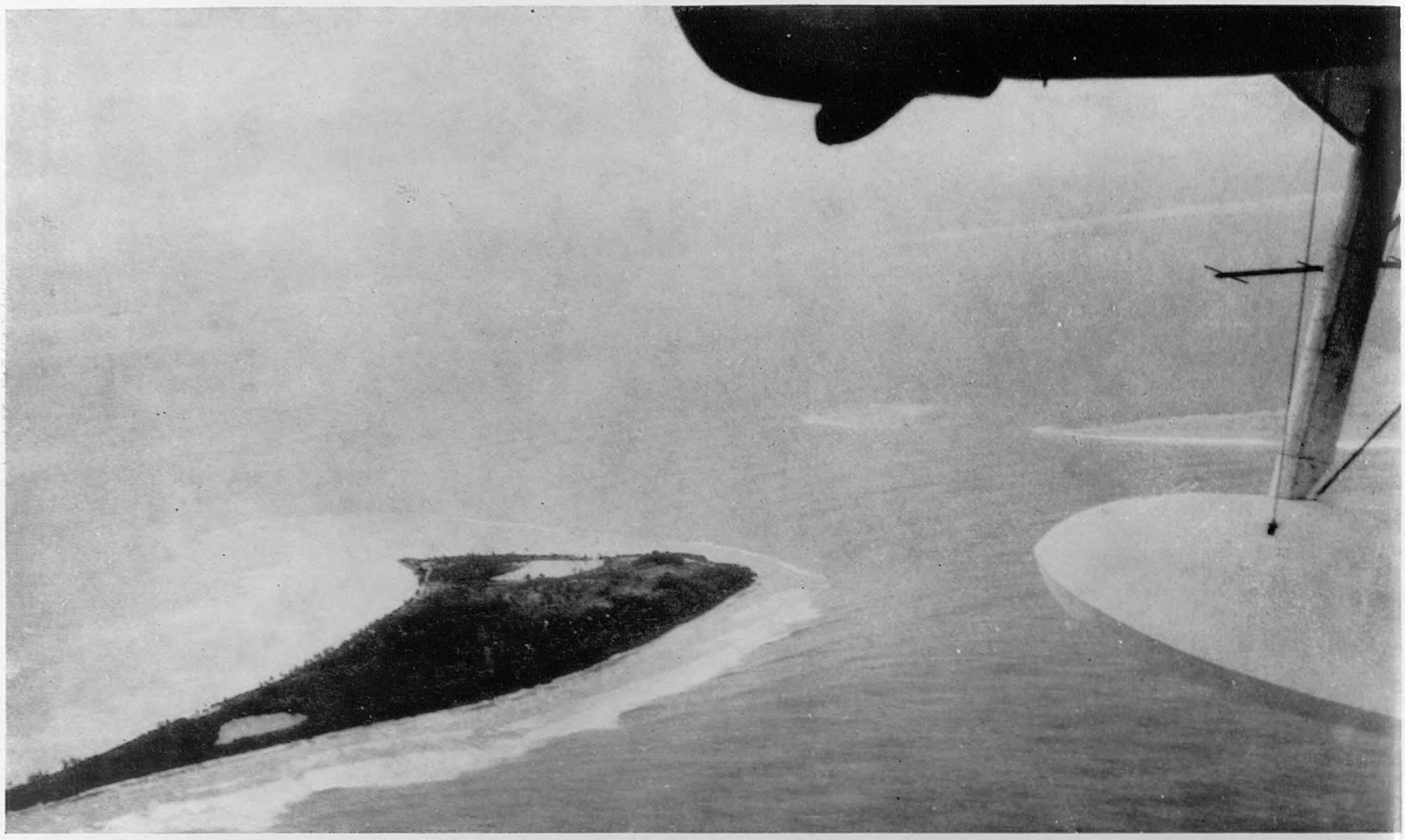
A SAFE ENDING FOR A MINE WASHED UP AT SALTDEAN, NEAR BRIGHTON, SUSSEX : This picture shows the blaze as 500 lb. of explosive are burned inside the mine-case during its dismantling by Royal Navy bomb-disposal experts from Portsmouth. The mine was one of two which were washed ashore last week in the Brighton area, the other being found at Hove. During the dismantling operations, the half-mile of undercliff walk between Rottingdean and Saltdean was roped off. However, people watched the operations from the 90-ft.-high cliff-top.

On left—

AT WORK ON THE MINE : The naval bomb-disposal men perform their task of dismantling on the beach at Saltdean. In charge of the operations was Lieutenant David Donoghue, R.N.

IMPROVING TRAFFIC CONDITIONS AT ONE OF LONDON'S WORST BOTTLENECKS

EXTENSIVE ROAD WORKS OUTSIDE LAMBETH PALACE : Contractors' workmen are ploughing up the roadway outside the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury as part of an extensive programme of road works to ease traffic congestion. The work is being carried out at a cost of £53,000, and covers the distance from the east end of Lambeth Bridge to the area in front of the Palace. The intersection, which is known as one of London's worst bottlenecks, caters for traffic using Lambeth Bridge, Lambeth Palace Road and the Albert Embankment. It is estimated that some 30,000 vehicles per day use it between the hours of 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. During the work, which is expected to take nine months, a roundabout will be built to replace the existing traffic lights. This is expected to keep the traffic at an even flow.

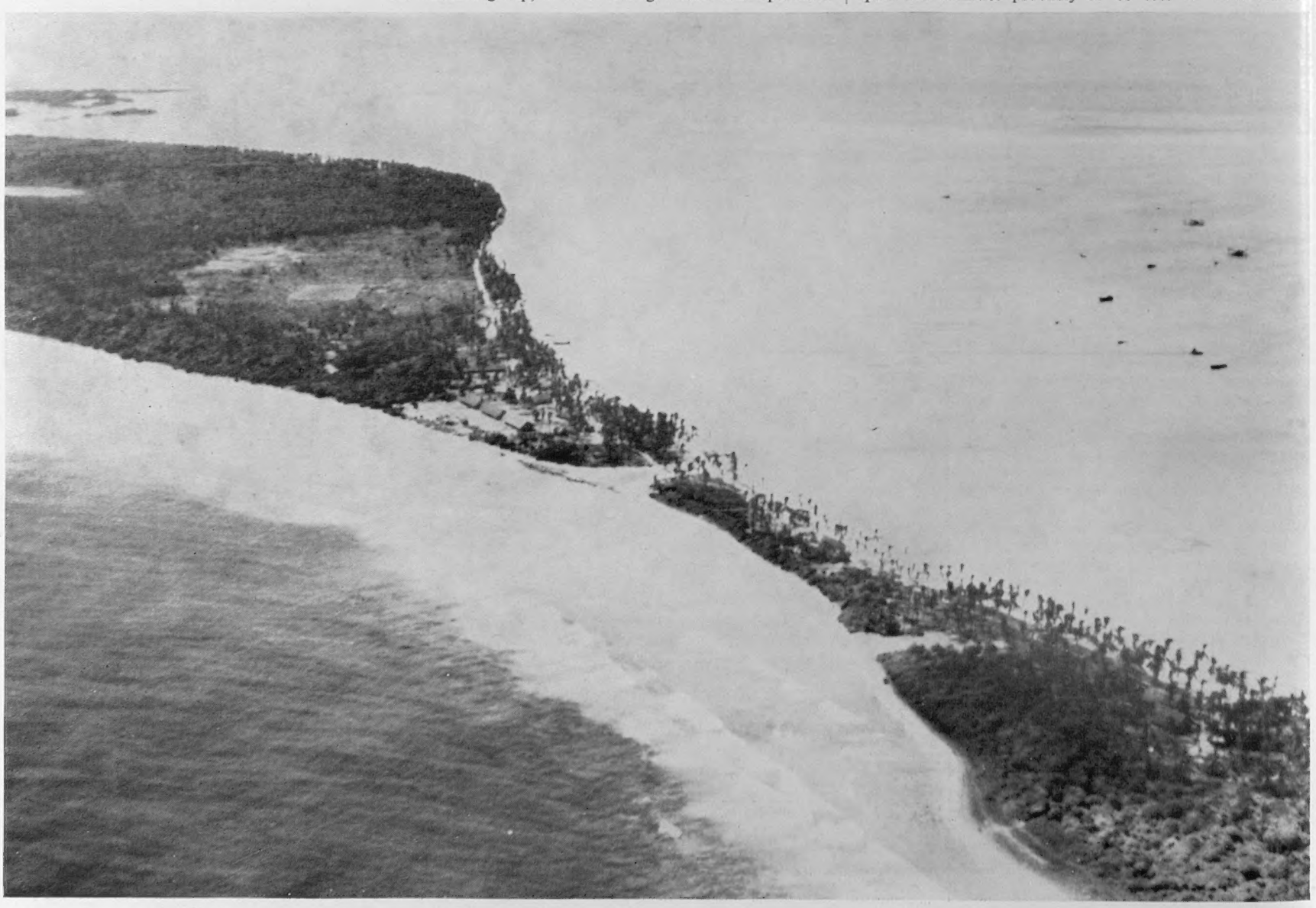


A NEW LINK BETWEEN BRITAIN AND THE COMMONWEALTH: The Addu Atoll, in the Maldive Islands, lies 400 miles south-west of Ceylon. Gan, the largest island of the Atoll, has been leased to Britain by the Maldivian Government, and a military airfield constructed there during the war will be reinstated. It will replace the Katunayake airfield in Ceylon, a vital link in air communications to Asia and Australia which will probably soon be denied to Britain. *Below*—One of the inhabited islands of the Addu Atoll. The Maldives are a British protectorate, ruled by a Sultan.

INDIAN OCEAN AIRFIELD

Commonwealth Communications are to be Preserved by an Airfield on the Island of Gan, in the Maldives

The Government of Ceylon, led by Mr. Bandaranaike, is likely to deprive Britain's military aircraft of the use of the Katunayake airfield near Colombo and of the Trincomalee naval base. Katunayake forms a vital link in the Commonwealth's air communications between Britain, the Far East and Australia, but a substitute has been found. The Commonwealth Relations Office has announced that the airfield on Gan, one of the islands of the Maldive group, is to be brought back into operation as a staging and refuelling post. It was originally constructed during the war. The Maldive Islands, a British protectorate, form a chain of coral atolls 400 miles south-west of Ceylon. After negotiations with the Maldivian Government, the British Government has made arrangements to lease Gan, which lies in the Addu Atoll. The atoll's central lagoon provided a natural harbour for warships during the war, and might be developed sufficiently to replace in part the facilities probably to be lost at Trincomalee.



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES TAKES THE OATH : Members stand with their hands raised as they take the oath of office at the opening of the eighty-fifth Congress of the United States of America. In the Senate the position is that the Democrats have 49 seats and the Republicans 47. In the House of Representatives the Democrats total 233, the Republicans 200 and there are two vacancies. One of the first acts of the new Congress was to meet for a Special Joint Session at the request of Mr. Eisenhower and hear his plan for preventing Communist aggression in the Middle East.

CONGRESS OPENS IN WASHINGTON

Political Leaders and Parties Gather for the New Session

THE SECRETARY OF STATE CONFERS WITH OPPOSITION SENATORS : With Mr. Dulles are the Democrat Senators George (left) and Green. It was expected that Mr. Green would succeed Mr. George as Chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee.

DEMOCRAT "WATCHDOGS" : Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, ex-President Truman and Mr. Adlai Stevenson meet in Washington. They were attending a session of the Advisory Committee of the Democratic Party which watches and criticises Government policy.

MR. DULLES PREPARES TO EXPLAIN : He is with Mr. J. Martin, the Republican and minority leader in the Representatives, and Mr. Sam Rayburn, the Speaker. He was about to explain details of the President's Middle East proposals to Congress.

FROM THE CANAL ZONE

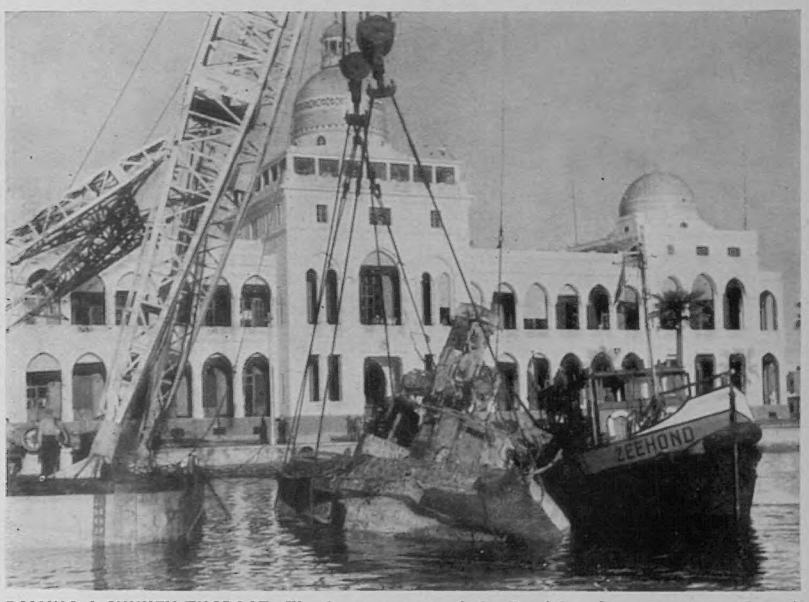
Clearing Operations Go Ahead; an the Body of Lieut. Moorhouse Flown Out to Naples and Londo

The dismal story of disagreemen between those concerned with t clearing of the Suez Canal and the Egy tians was continuing at the beginning this week. On Monday it was repor that the Egyptian Canal Authority, set by Colonel Nasser when he nationalise the waterway, had defied General Whee of the United Nations. His proposal h been rejected that stranded ships shou be moved only by the United Nation and the Egyptians had started manœu ring some vessels with their own tugs.

However, the actual clearance of som of the fifty obstructions in the Can seemed to be proceeding smoothly an efficiently. The salvage teams of variou nations under the United Nations dire tion were raising a number of ships. German team had opened the east si of the blown-up swing bridge at E Ferdan.

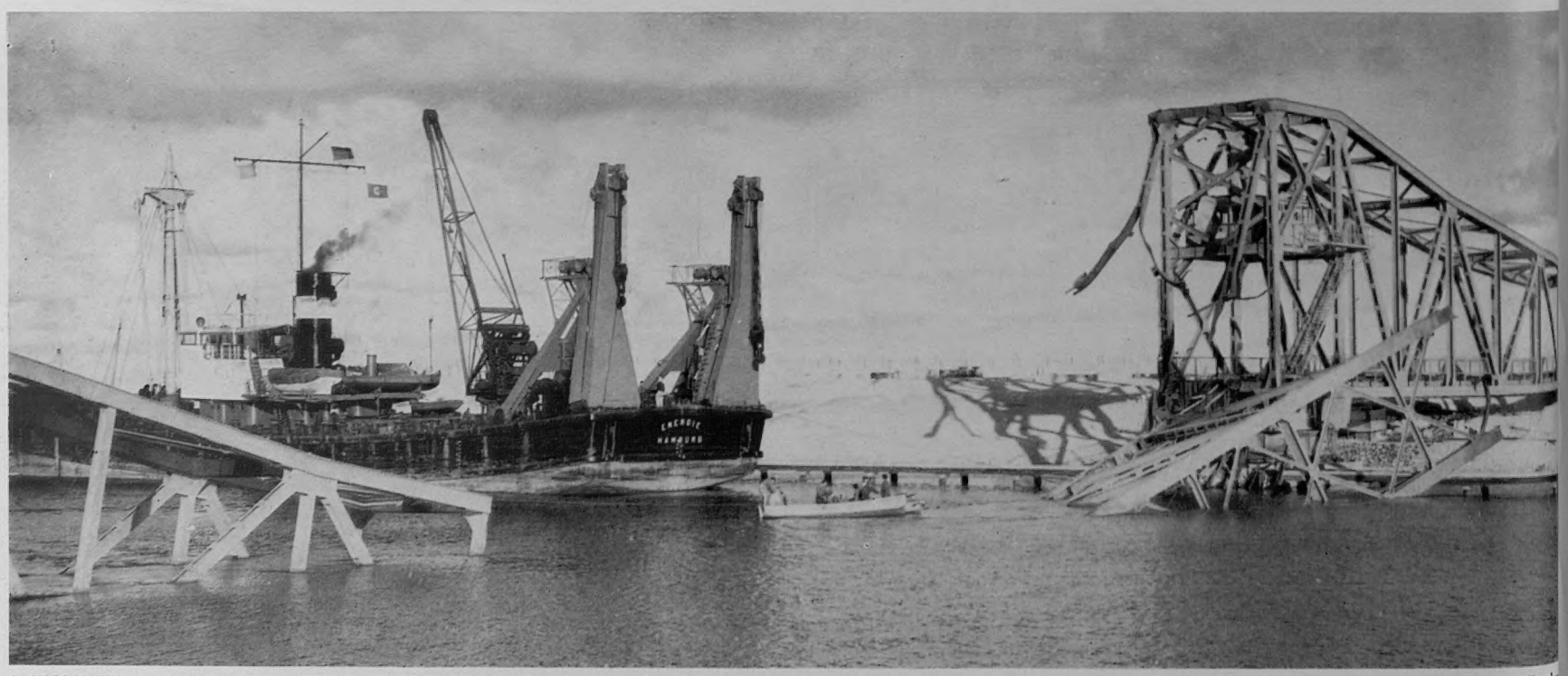
At Port Said one of the most trag incidents of the Anglo-French interve tion reached its final chapter. The coff containing the body of Lieutenant Moo house, who was kidnapped and killed b the Egyptians, was flown to Naple There it was handed over to a party fro the British War Office.

DISCUSSING THE CLEARANCE OF THE CANAL: Colonel Mahmoud Younis (right, behind desk), head of the Egyptian Suez Canal Authority, is in conference with General Wheeler (second from left), head of the United Nations Salvage Organisation. At the beginning of this week it was reported that the Egyptians had flouted U.N. control of the clearance operations by moving some of the stranded ships.

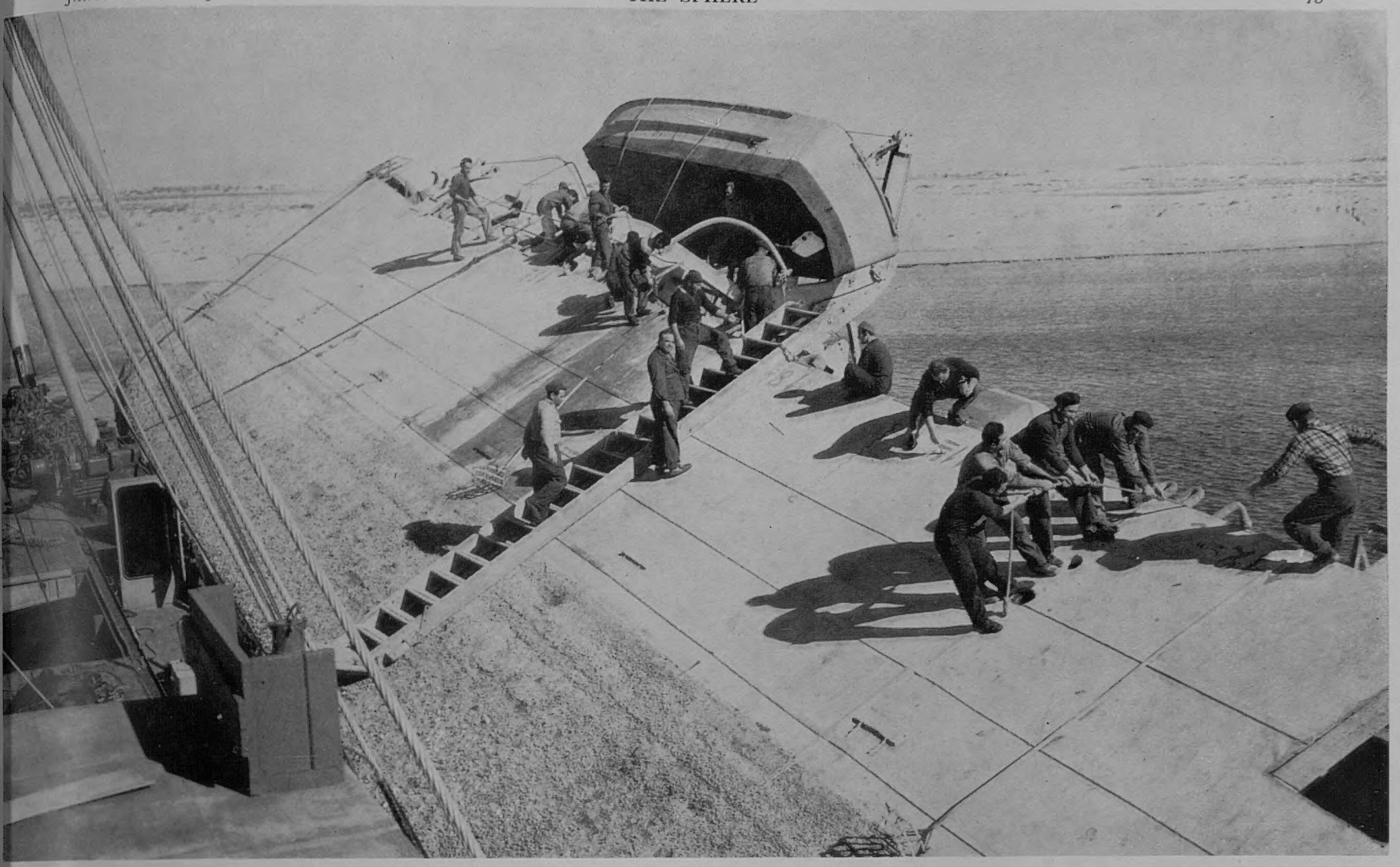


RAISING A SUNKEN TUGBOAT: The huge cranes of the Danish salvage pontoon *Arend* lift out of the water a small tugboat which was sunk in the entrance to the Suez Canal by the Egyptians when the Anglo-French military operations began.

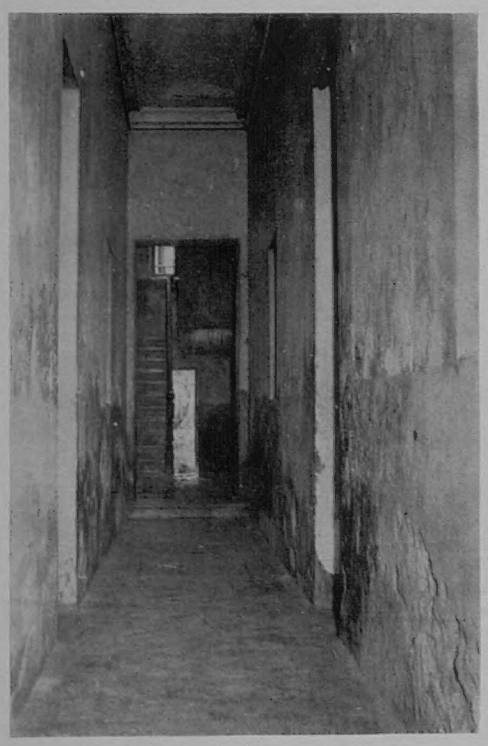
A MAJOR OBSTACLE IN THE SUEZ CANAL: The El Ferdan swing bridge between El Qantara a Ismailia was blown up by the Egyptians. In the centre the stern can be seen of one the German salvage vessels which was engaged in clearing a passage through the wreckag



A SUCCESSFUL OPERATION BY A GERMAN SALVAGE TEAM: The *Energie*, from Hamburg, with her towering derricks and cranes, lies by the wreckage of the bridge at El Ferda The east side of the bridge was cleared last week in two days. The part which seriously obstructed traffic was first lifted on huge cranes and then cut from moorings at the bridge base with acetylene torches. It was the first bridge-clearing operation on which the Germans, under United Nations control, had been engage



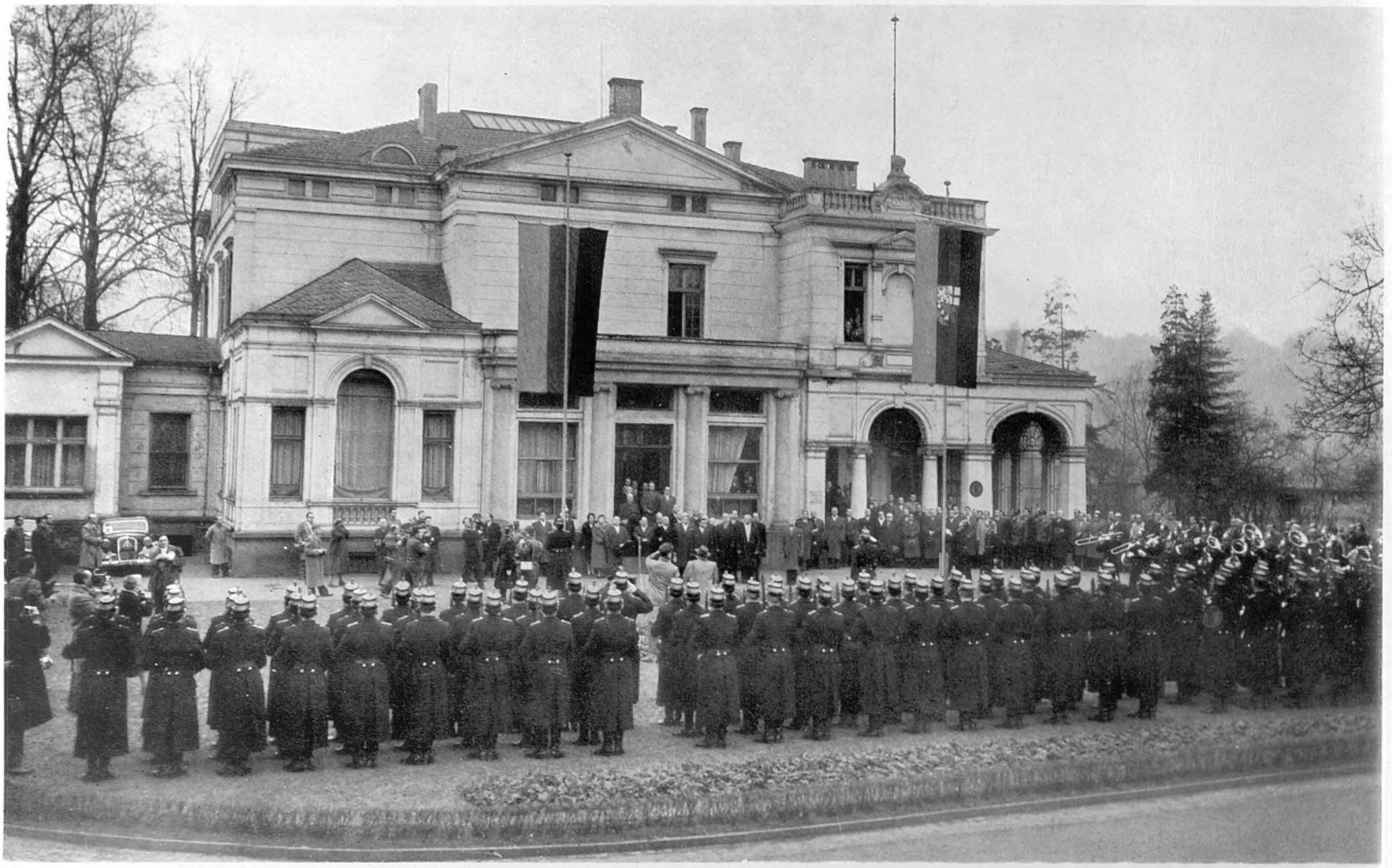
ON LAKE TIMSAH: Members of the crew of the Italian floating winch *Squalo*, part of which is seen on the left, work on the side of the landing ship tank *Akka*, as they raise her from the lake below Ismailia. *Akka* was filled with cement before she was scuttled to block the passage of the Canal.



On right—
THE HOUSE IN WHICH LIEUT. A. G. MOORHOUSE WAS HELD CAPTIVE BY THE EGYPTIANS: This is the corridor of the house in Port Said where the British officer was said to have been buried after being suffocated in a large steel box. When the body was finally handed over to United Nations representatives the Egyptian newspaper *Al Massaa* said it had been buried in a wooden coffin close to the English cemetery in Port Said. Lieut. Moorhouse is believed to have died on or about December 15, during the time when a widespread search for him was being carried out by British forces.

ESTABLISHING THE CAUSE OF DEATH : Lieut.-Colonel Worrall, an administrative officer from the War Office, speaks to the Press in Naples. He had arrived in Italy with medical experts to identify the body of Lieutenant Moorhouse, which had been flown from Egypt.

THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE BODY OF LIEUTENANT MOORHOUSE BEGINS ITS JOURNEY TO ENGLAND : *Left*—Egyptian police and men of the United Nations Emergency Force lift the coffin into a lorry after it had been exhumed near the English cemetery in Port Said. General Burns said the body was "blackened and badly decomposed." It was later flown to Naples (*on right*), where the identification and post-mortem examinations were conducted by a special party of experts from Britain. When they had identified the body it was sent to England. Last Monday a report indicated that the experts had agreed with the Egyptian statement that death was caused by asphyxia.



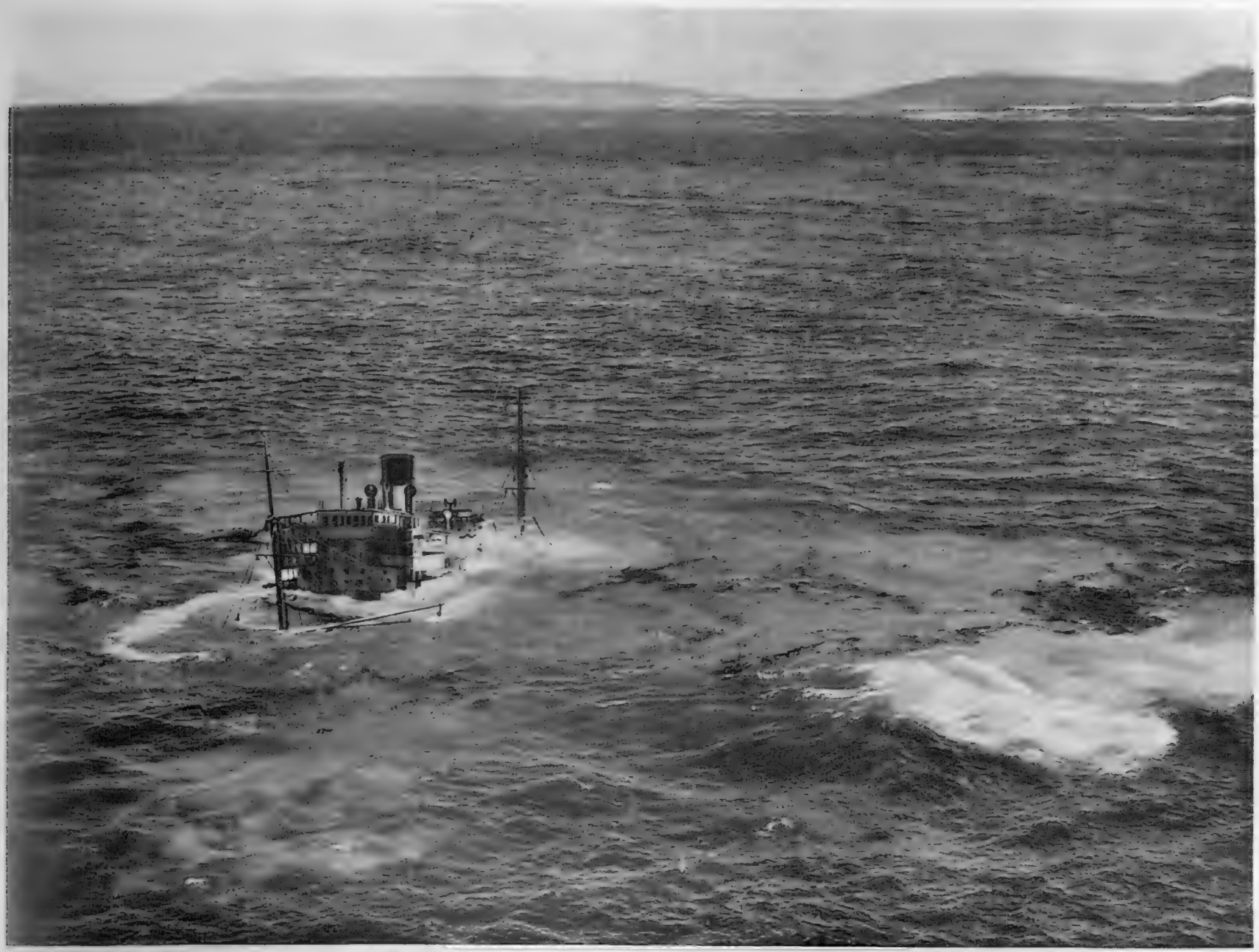
THE FLAG OF THE FEDERAL REPUBLIC IS HOISTED AT SAARBRUCKEN : While the German national anthem is played by a police band, the flag of the Federal Republic (on left) and the new flag of the Saar are hoisted outside the residence of the Prime Minister of the territory, Dr. Ney. The Saar became a part of Germany once more after midnight on December 31. The ceremonies of return were attended by the West German Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, who said in a speech in the Municipal Theatre of Saarbrucken that the event "was of the greatest historical importance." His reception, however, was cool and reserved. Besides the official attempt to keep the ceremonies down to the bare minimum to avoid hurting the feelings of the French, there was a distinct lack of enthusiasm on the part of the Saarlanders themselves, who now face the threatened loss of many of the benefits they enjoyed under the French social security system and whose smaller industries will have to face the competitive entry of the mammoth German industrial combines. The present partition of Germany, with its political uncertainty, is also a reason for the lack of spontaneous rejoicing. It is generally known that Dr. Adenauer himself had favoured a European settlement of the question rather than a German one.

THE SAAR RETURNS TO GERMANY

Dr. Adenauer Visits the Territory for the Official Ceremonies

THE ARRIVAL OF THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR : Dr. Adenauer, followed by the Prime Minister of the Saar, Dr. Ney (wearing glasses), reviews a police guard of honour after his arrival at Saarbrucken station to take part in the ceremonies of reunion.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN HOMBURG, SAAR: The Federal flag hangs from the Town Hall as the population celebrates the reunion and the New Year. *On right*—The square is crowded with people for the double celebration.



THE DEATH OF A FREIGHTER: Only the masts, funnel and upper works of the steamer *Adelfotis* show above the waves as she lies foundered off the South African coast. The shoreline can be seen dimly in the background. The *Adelfotis* was carrying a cargo of fertiliser, which seems to be discolouring the shallow water in which she sank. The Costa Rican vessel, which was of 2,500 tons, ran aground half a mile south of Quoin Point. This promontory lies about thirty miles north-west of Cape Agulhas, the most southerly point of the African continent, and about 100 miles south-east of Cape Town. In the mishap, the ship broke her back and, quickly filling with water, settled on the bottom. Her crew abandoned her, but were not left for very long. They were picked up after two hours by the Norwegian steamer *Langfonn*. None of the cargo or equipment has been retrieved from the *Adelfotis*, which is believed to have been written off as a total loss.

AGROUND AND AFLOAT

A Costa Rican Freighter and Japanese Antarctic Ships in South African Waters

JAPANESE ANTARCTIC SHIPS REACH SOUTH AFRICA: The Antarctic research vessel *Soya Maru* steams out of Table Bay, the harbour of Cape Town, after calling there on her way to the Antarctic. *On right*—One of the helicopters attached to the expedition, a Bell 47 machine designated "Penguin," hovers over the *Umitaka Maru* as she lies in Table Bay harbour. She is the second of the vessels which are transporting the Japanese scientific party to the Antarctic. The helicopter prepares to land on a special platform surrounded by safety nets. *Umitaka Maru* means "Sea-Hawk." The two ships have been at sea for well over two months. The *Umitaka Maru* left Takashima in Japan at the end of October, and the *Soya Maru* on November 8. Cape Town was the ships' last port of call before reaching Lützow Holm Bay, on the Prince Harald Coast, in Queen Maud Land, where a base is to be set up as Japan's contribution to scientific research in the Antarctic during the International Geophysical Year 1957-58. The party includes fifty-three scientists, of whom ten will remain at the base throughout the long Antarctic winter until the expedition's ships return for them at the end of 1957.

THE START OF ONE OF THE LONGEST CATTLE DRIVES IN NOR AMERICA: "Panhandle" Phillips (on the left) watch cattle rounded up at his Home Ranch beyond the lit Mountains north of Anahim Lake, in Central Briti Columbia. They will be driven 200 miles for sale Quesnel. This is one of the longest cattle drives North America, for most ranchers now take their st to market by truck. Phillips' journey is through to country and will probably take nineteen days at le the cattle must not be moved quickly or they l weight. The owner of Home Ranch settled British Columbia twenty years ago from Wyoming, U.S.

OVERCOMING ONE OF THE MANY NATURAL HAZARDS: The cattle have set off on their 200-mile drive and are being pushed across a ford by "Panhandle" Phillips. Besides crossing rivers, some of them running fast, the trail goes over mountain passes. Along roads the animals tend to become frightened by the noise of motor traffic.

CATTLE DRIVE IN WEST CANADA

A Rancher Takes his Stock on a 200-Mile Journey to Market

The annual "beef" drive from Home Ranch throu 200 miles of remote country in British Columbi probably one of the longest cattle drives in North Amer It is certainly one of the toughest. Longer journeys market are made by ranchers in Australia and So America, but in Canada nowadays most cattle-own transport their stock by truck.

Floyd "Panhandle" Phillips, the proprietor of Ho Ranch, is an exception. He still drives his beasts in the style and his annual autumn journey is an undertak requiring great enterprise. A measure of the isolation which he lives can be gauged from the fact that he usu learns of the date of the sale at Quesnel by means of radio. The auction will probably be held at the end October.

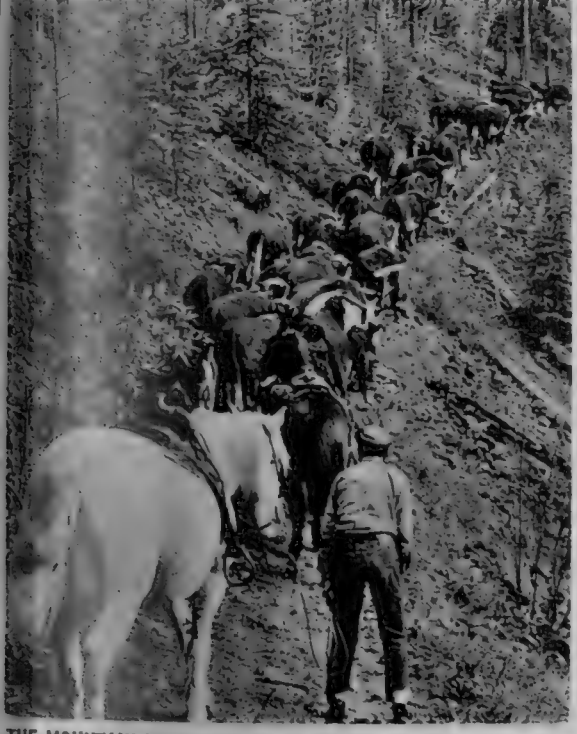
Phillips must allow the best part of a month for hims his family and his cattle to cover the distance. Vario factors contribute to the slowness of the journey. First all they can only move at the animals' own pace. It very important that they are not hurried. If this happe then the animals may lose very considerable weight, w resulting loss of price at the sales.

There are many natural hazards along the trail, wh crosses brooks and swamps, fords dangerously swift ri

A DESERTED VILLAGE: A halt is made for the cattle to browse on the grassy slopes of the abandoned Indian village of Kluskus. The church is the only building remaining in a state of preservation. On the 200-mile drive through British Columbia to Quesnel market the cattle have to feed themselves off the land as they go along.

BEFORE A DAY'S MARCH: "Panhandle" Phillips smokes an early morning pipe and sits with his wife while the cattle feed soon after dawn.

THROUGH AUTUMN SNOWS: The rancher walks to keep warm when snow is encountered during the drive to Quesnel, where the sales take place at the end of October. Weather can be bitter.



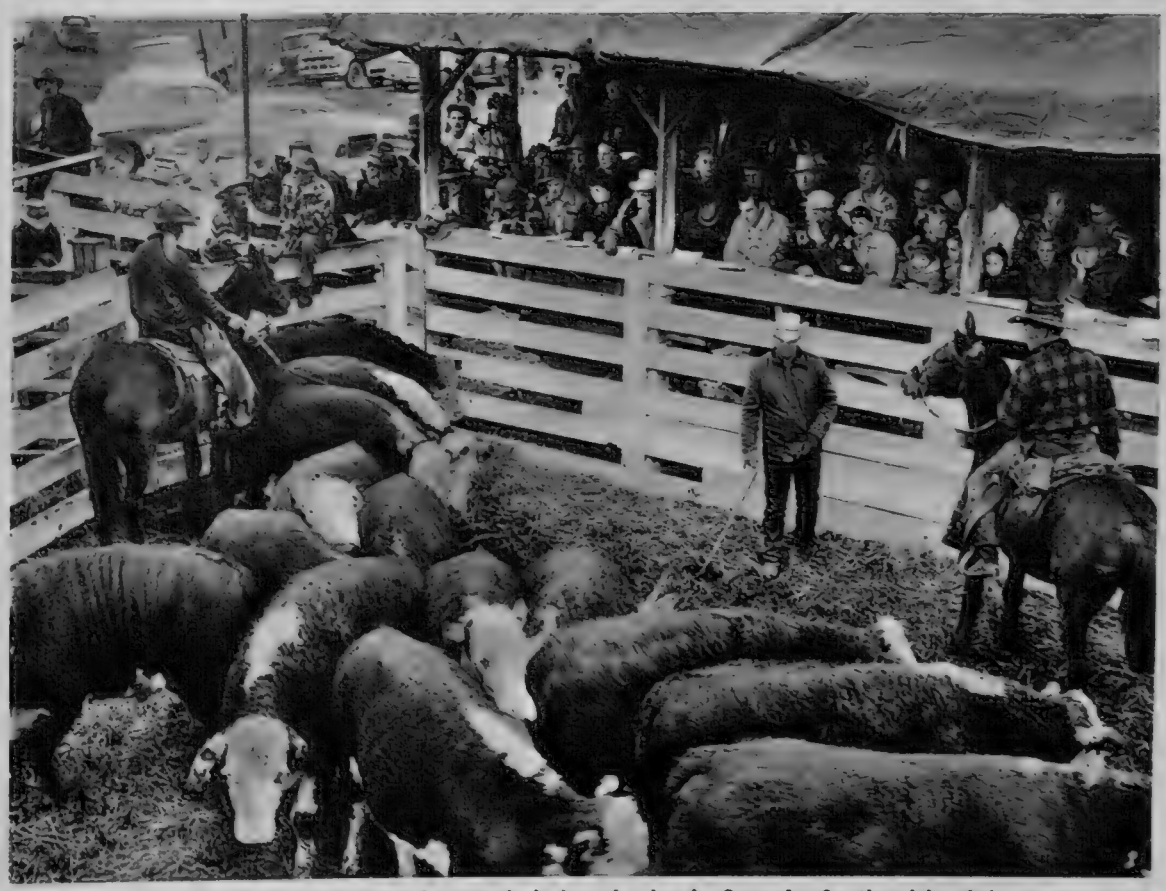
THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL: Up the path over the mountains the pace is slow. Watch has to be kept continually so that the cattle do not wander away from the narrow track.

and climbs up mountain passes. Contrary to popular belief, cattle are nervous creatures. The sound of the thunder of their hooves on a wooden bridge can send them into a panic, and when they reach country where there are proper roads, they are easily frightened by the horns and engines of motor-cars.

Weather of almost any kind brings its problems. It can be fine in October in British Columbia. If this is so, flies abound in myriads and their bites may be the cause of a stampede into the bush. Or perhaps the autumn gales come roaring up. Trees crash down, terrifying the animals and barring the trail. Heavy snow is by no means uncommon. This slows up the pace, and camping out in icy conditions is far from comfortable for the drivers.

Phillips rides or leads his horse and his wife drives a wagon with a team of horses. The vehicle contains tent, food, extra clothing—and their baby in his cradle. Since the cattle feed off the land, "holding grounds" are provided by the authorities, where the ranchers can also camp at night. When Quesnel is reached, fodder will have to be bought until the day of the sale.

This annual drive requires toughness and endurance. And when the cattle are finally put up for auction the highest prices have been thoroughly earned.



JOURNEY'S END: The beasts have at long last reached the sale ring in Quesnel. On the right their owner, on his horse, watches them as they are put up for auction. On the prices paid for these Herefords will depend an important part of the rancher's income. "Panhandle" Phillips usually attends only one other sale in the year.

THE NEW YEAR IN PARIS

The French Face 1957 with Mixed Feelings; the Assault on the "Mona Lisa"; Music-hall, Theatre and Cinema

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

PARIS, January.

FRANCE enters the New Year embarrassed diplomatically by her share in the Suez expedition and by the unresolved crisis in Algeria. She has not yet forgiven the Government of the United States for its hostility to the Anglo-French action in Egypt, and anti-American feeling is considerably stronger in France, where the nation was practically united against Nasser (with the sole exception of the Communists), than in Britain.

But apart from Algeria, and the financial and economic effects of the shortages of petrol and coal, the French are not unduly pessimistic about their future in 1957. Relations with Morocco and Tunisia, strained to breaking-point after the arrest of the Algerian leaders air-bound from Rabat to Tunis, have recently improved. French industrial production in November was twice the figure for the corresponding month in 1938. New atomic plants are being constructed at Marcoules and Chinon. Prospecting for oil is going ahead feverishly in the Sahara, where the first wells are already functioning. And new hydro-electric dams are being built.

But with all this emphasis on the technical advances in science and industry, the Minister of Education bewails the fact that far too few students, and far too few parents, take science and technology seriously as a future. The vast majority of French families still place their hopes for their male progeny in the vastly over-filled professions of law and journalism—stepping-stones to a political career if not to financial success—and in the solid if anonymous and underpaid civil service.

THE "MONA LISA" IS ATTACKED: Hugo Unzaga Villegas, forty-two, an unemployed Bolivian interpreter, is seen after his arrest. He threw a stone at the famous painting by Leonardo da Vinci which hangs in the Louvre in Paris. *On left*—An official's arm points out scratches on the damaged painting. The glass covering the picture was smashed, and a tiny area of paint near the left elbow chipped off. The painting was removed and restoration began. "La Joconde" is now back in its place.

A NEW MEMBER OF THE ACADEMIE FRANCAISE: M. Robert Kemp, the veteran theatre critic (left), is congratulated by Professor Mondor (centre) and Professor Valéry-Rabot after his election to the Academy. M. Kemp fills the place vacated by M. Louis Madelin.

Two days before an unemployed Bolivian interpreter threw a stone at the glass-enclosed portrait of the "Mona Lisa," wrecking the glass and chipping a small piece from the painting near the Mona Lisa's left elbow, I was myself a visitor to the Louvre. There was the usual group of admirers in front of da Vinci's masterpiece, and the attendant especially entrusted with the protection of the picture would have been hard put to it to detect which member of the group, if any, had concealed a missile in his pocket. It was a dark afternoon and the pictures in the gallery were scarcely visible. In an adjoining room another attendant, seated in a corner under another valuable painting, was fast asleep, and only responded to questions after a persistent shaking by a colleague.

The "Mona Lisa"—or "La Joconde," as the French prefer to call her—has always exercised a fascination over the *cognoscenti*, as over the public at large. The picture was not, as many Italians still believe, looted by Napoleon during his campaign in Italy, but sold by Leonardo da Vinci to his friend and patron, François I, for the then considerable sum of 4,000 gold crowns. A century later the picture nearly left the French Royal collections, when Louis XIII proposed to offer it as a gift to the Duke of Buckingham.

In 1911 an Italian house-painter, Vincenzo Pergugia, profited by his employment on a painting job in the Louvre to steal the picture, which he intended to restore to Italy. It was found two years later in the shop of an antique dealer in Florence. When the repaired and refurbished Mona Lisa is back in her place in the long gallery of the Louvre it may safely be predicted that her vicissitudes are not over.

Since Toulouse-Lautrec's connection with the Moulin Rouge has been admirably illustrated by the film of that name, the old music-hall and dance cabaret has enjoyed a new lease of life. It is now the largest and the most popular attraction in the Montmartre quarter, and the only one which resists the competition of the "Lido," on the Champs-Elysées. And now, after the Moulin Rouge, a film is to revive the nineteenth-century atmosphere of the old Folies Bergères, when Manet painted a handsome blonde English barmaid against a background of mirrors, coloured apéritifs, flowers, plush and gold.

The picture stars Eddie Constantine and the attractive ballet dancer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and is said by those who have seen advance releases to be an excellent evocation of the 1880's—although there can be very few living to judge of that.

I have seen Peter Brook's production of the French version of Tennessee Williams' play, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. Done at the old Théâtre Antoine, which its manageress, Simone Berriau, named after the old master of the modern French theatre, André Antoine, the play has a magnificent set designed by Peter Brook, a brilliant young French actress, Jeanne Moreau, and a fairly good supporting cast.

Although I saw the play on the evening of Christmas Day, when all the audience and most of the players might have been expected to be suffering from the hangover of the Christmas Eve celebrations, the performance was excellent and the public enthusiastic. This was all the more unexpected since the critics had almost universally damned the play, the producer and the leading lady—with the single honourable exception of the veteran critic, Robert Kemp, of the "Monde."

I am told that Peter Brook hopes to produce the play in London—probably in a theatre club. The Lord Chamberlain is unlikely to sanction for public performance a work which has been condemned by Parisian critics as erotic, although miracles have been known to happen. But in spite of the allusions of some critics to the strip-tease character of the first act, and to the latent homosexuality of the principal male character, played by Paul Guers, I found nothing in the play or the production to justify the attitude of the French critics.

A few days later, in a cinema on the Champs-Elysées, I saw Tennessee Williams' film *Baby Doll*, magnificently directed by Elia Kazan. The fast-moving realism of this picture is in vivid contrast to the slow-going, mechanical medievalism of an all-French film just produced here, *Notre Dame de Paris*. Victor Hugo's novel has been faithfully—too faithfully—followed by the scenario writers, Jacques Prévert and Jean Aurenche, and the director, Jean Delannoy.

Although the garish and often grim spectacles of the picture are lightened by the enchanting presence of Gina Lollobrigida as the gipsy girl Esmeralda, and Anthony Quinn re-creates marvellously the dwarf Quasimodo, not even the bells and gargoyles of Notre Dame can make this a good film, although it is unmistakably what the public wants.

AN ECHO OF THE PAST IN PARIS: The petrol shortage in France has caused a number of horse-drawn vehicles, such as this hansom-cab passing by the Paris Bourse, to be pressed into service by commercial concerns for the transport of their goods in and around the capital. The cab, adorned by posters advertising a brand of zip-fastener, is engaged in delivering its owner's products.

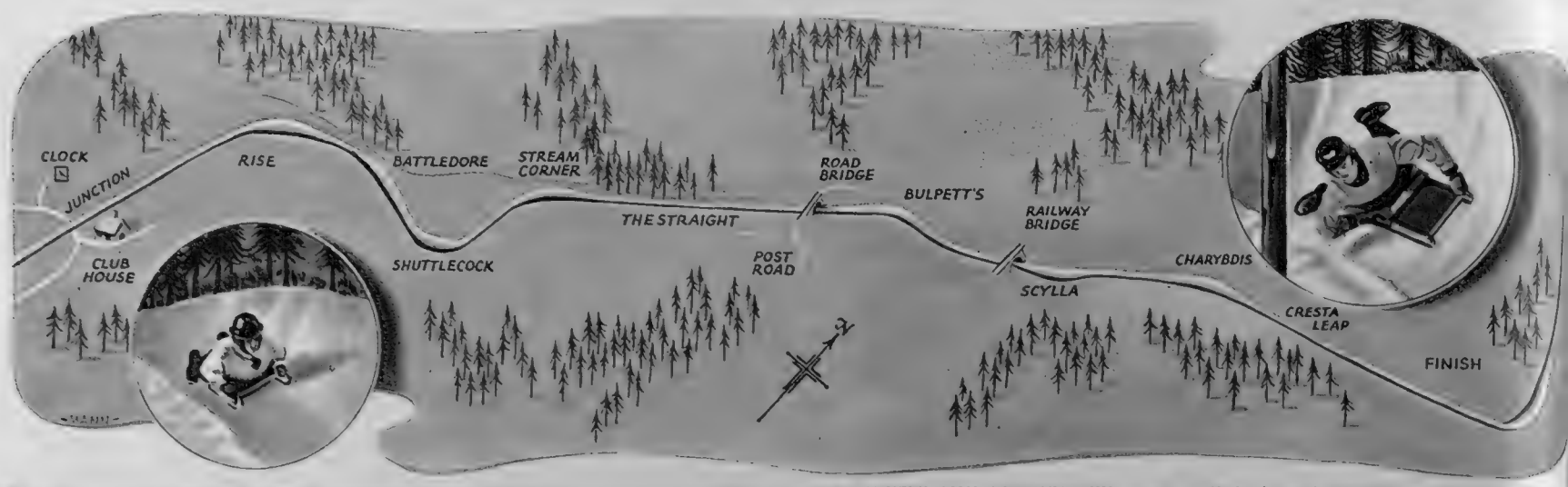
THE LARGEST AIRCRAFT TO LAND AT THE POLE : A C-124 Globemaster of the U.S. Air Force, similar to the one seen in the picture parked at the McMurdo Sound Air Facility, has recently landed at the Pole, using conventional landing gear instead of the skis used by the first aircraft to land there.

AIRCRAFT ON THE ANTARCTIC ICE : United States transport planes are parked on the ice dispersal areas of the Air Operating Facility built by the American Navy's Antarctic Expedition at McMurdo Sound. From left to right are a Douglas C-124 Globemaster, two R4D's (the U.S.N. version of the DC-3) and an R5D four-engined transport known commercially as the DC-4. The Antarctic airbase not only serves as a jumping-off point for supplying stores and equipment to the advance parties of the expedition near the South Pole, but also forms a vital connecting-link with the outside world. From this base several aircraft have already landed at the Pole. Most of the material which will be used in the scientific station due to be built in the region of the South Pole is being dropped by parachute to the advance construction parties.

AN AIRFIELD IN THE ICE

The Aerial Link of the United States Navy Antarctic Expedition with the Outside World

OVER THE BEARDMORE GLACIER : A Globemaster flown by a crew from the Donaldson Air Force Base, South Carolina, flies over Beardmore Glacier, the largest in the world and the traditional route to the geographical teams constructing the South Pole scientific station. Everything except dogs and personnel is being dropped by parachute to shorten the difficulties of distance.



WHERE MAN PITS HIS SKILL AND COURAGE AGAINST THE LAWS OF NATURE A THE ELEMENTS: This specially-drawn sketch-map shows the Cresta Run, St. Moritz, Switzerland, from Junction at the left to the finish below Cre Leap. Nowadays most runs begin at Junction, and the rider on his "skeleto takes as little as 45 seconds to reach the finish 956 yards below, at average speed of over 43 m.p.h. At times riders attain speeds of 70 m.p and only tremendous concentration and split-second thinking prevents th leaving the run and "going over the top" with their "skeletons." A num of important competitions take place on the Cresta Run every win

AT THE START: Having broken the tape which controls the electrically-operated timing devices, the competitor keeps his head well down as he tries to gather speed. This start is at Junction, where most runs begin: rarely is the course built from Top.

THE DRIVER'S GREAT TESTS EARLY IN THE RUN: *On left*—A competitor comes out of Rise into the "precipitous straight" leading to Battledore. *On right*—Colin Mitchell, a former Curzon Cup winner, slides his seat back as he races through Battledore.

ON A LITTLE-USED PART OF THE CRESTA RUN: A competitor speeds down Sec Bank after passing through Curzon in the steep part leading to Junct Owing to heavy expense, the Cresta Run is usually built only from Junct

The Swiss winter sports resort of St. Moritz is the scene of an annual pilgrimage by an ever-increasing number of devotees, who pit their skill, brain and courage against the laws of gravity and the forces of nature. They seek to hurtle down the great Cresta Run on their "skeletons" at speeds a split second faster than the next man. The devotees claim among their number a veteran rider like Lord Brabazon of Tara, who, at the age of seventy-two, was still riding down the Run, and D. W. Connor, the Canadian world record-holder and champion. John Shipton, the author of this article, has been riding for only a few years, and that during his necessarily brief winter holidays. Yet already he has won one of the Cresta's chief prizes and has come sufficiently close behind Connor to confirm him as one of the most promising of the young riders from Britain on the Cresta.

NOWADAYS the Cresta Run is not often built from Top because of the great expense involved, and since the war most young riders have had to be content with starting from Junction, a distance of 956 yards with a drop of 332 ft. Having passed the beginners' stage, imagine yourself making last-minute adjustments to your protective equipment while waiting to be announced as the next rider. At nine in the morning the sun does not shine on the starting enclosure, and the cold does not help to dispel that awful feeling that most honest riders will admit to every time they wait to go down. Two of the Swiss workmen lift your 60-kilogramme "skeleton" into the run, the all-clear bell is sounded, the wooden barrier lifted, and nervousness gives way to concentrated determination to return a better time than ever before.

The eyes of spectators and competitors are upon you as you push your heavy "skeleton" past the tape that starts the electric clock ticking in tenths of a second. After several paces you jump and try to land accurately and centrally on your machine, keeping the body perfectly still while accelerating down the starting straight. If you dare put your head nearer the ice you will reduce wind-resistance and move even faster, but now you m prepare for the first corner, Rise.

The machine will go anywhere but midway betw the ice walls, but by leaning on the left runner you move it over to the left of the track, bringing you the corner as early as possible. Experience teaches late cornering means loss of time and throughout the this flashes through your mind along with all the ot essentials of good riding.

Once through Rise, a precipitous straight increa your speed at an alarming rate, bringing you into Bat dore. You now have to think at lightning speed. O on Battledore you move the sliding seat back, bring all your weight from the front of the round steel runn to the grooves cut out at the back. This helps you grip the ice round the greatest corner of the run, Shut cock. If you stayed forward on your seat you wo slide very near the top of Battledore and certainly

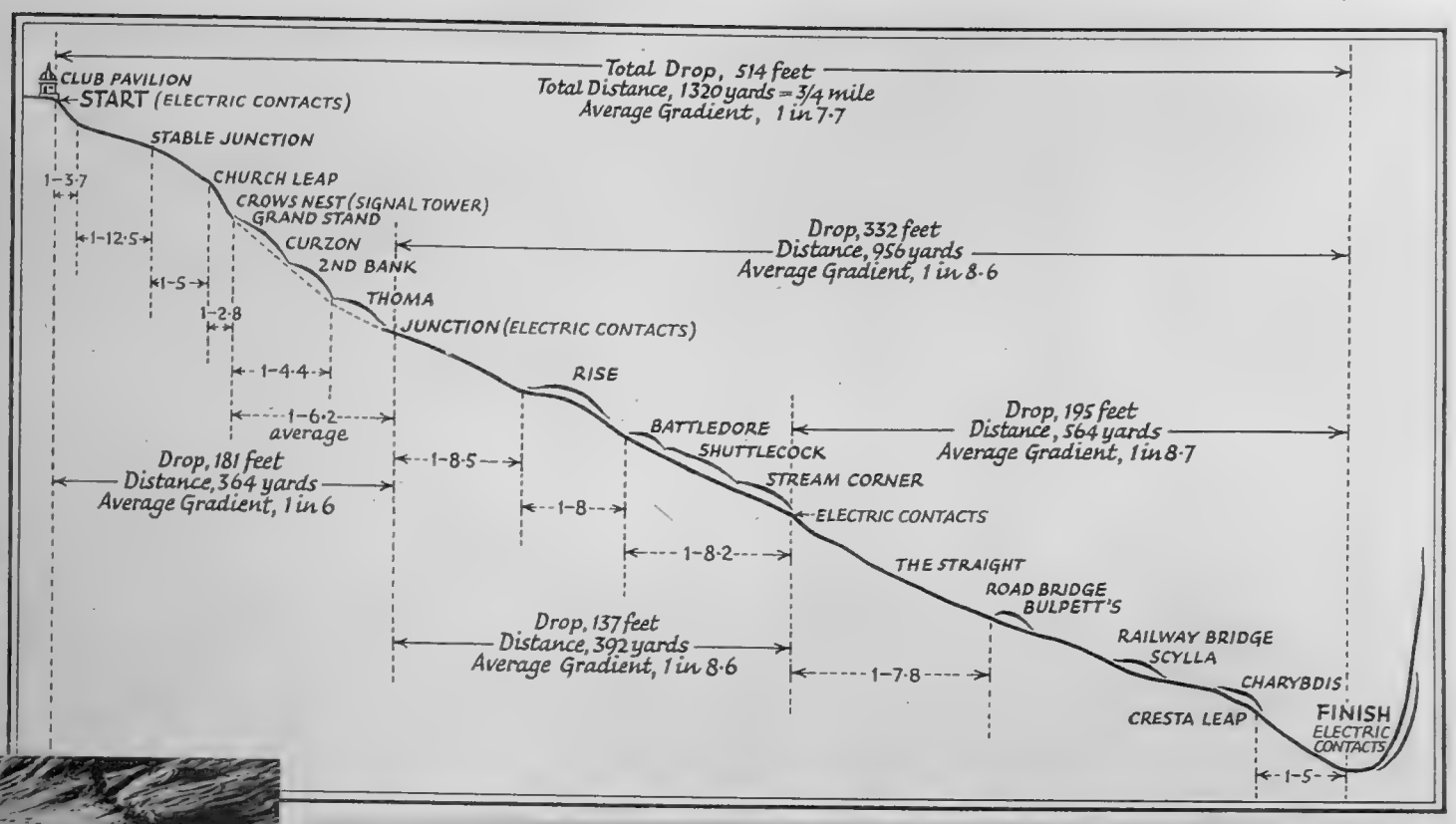
HURTLING DOWN THE CRESTA

A Competitor's Account of the Thrills of the Famous Toboggan Run at St. Moritz

By JOHN SHIPTON

On right—

SEE HOW THEY RUN : This plan shows the Cresta Run from start to finish. The distances and drops between the chief points, and the steepness of the gradients, are indicated. The little-used run from Start to Junction is the steepest part of the course.



A BEGINNER PASSES THROUGH CRESTA LEAP : He is making mistakes—his head is in the air and his feet are on the run. Wind and foot-braking reduce his speed.

NEARING THE FINISH : The competitor is on Bulpett's, having just passed through the Road Bridge. At this point the rider is moving on his "skeleton" at over 65 m.p.h.

THE LAST AND MOST VITAL PART OF THE GREAT SWISS TOBOGGAN RUN : A view from the finish of the last stages of the Cresta Run. The run on the left is that for bobsleighs. In the distance is the railway bridge, and nearer the finish the rises of Scylla and Charybdis, which claims more casualties than any other section.

out over Shuttlecock. But now you are holding down with your upper hand round Shuttlecock and keeping yourself from giving in to the law of centrifugal force and landing in the hay over the other side.

As you leave Shuttlecock safely for Stream Corner you pull the seat forward again, knowing that you are still not yet eligible to join the Shuttlecock Club ! Once through Stream and into the Straight you have completed half the run in 30 seconds. The second half will take less than 17 seconds and you are moving at over 50 m.p.h., and still accelerating. The ride is becoming uncomfortable and the tremendous bumping over the rough surface of the ice leaves the ribs very bruised, and compels you to hold on with all your strength lest you part company with the "skeleton."

Moving under the bridge at the end of the straight and through Bulpett's and Scylla at over 65 m.p.h., you prepare for Charybdis, a corner which claims more casualties than any other. The bank ends very abruptly and bad riding will turn you off the machine, leaving you to finish Cresta Leap on your side. But you withstand the sharp bump that it inevitably gives you and fly down Cresta Leap to the finishing-tape. Past this a long, rough snowbank turns up to the Celerina road, but you cannot yet relax. The tremendous speed must be reduced before reaching the road, and, digging your spike-fitted toes into the snow, you struggle desperately to bring the heavy "skeleton" to a standstill and to avoid running under the large yellow Post Autobus that is passing.

You lie there panting and exhausted. All breath has been continually bumped out of you for 46·6 long seconds, but it is some compensation to hear over the loud-speaker as you recover that you have just done a better time than ever before. As you walk back up to the start you say to yourself, "If only . . .", and count the many places where you lost time.

Once a rider has been bitten by the thrill of the Cresta Run he spends hours of his holiday working out new theories with fellow-riders in the lower bar of the Kulm Hotel. Or he turns over in bed, unable to sleep in the thin Engadine atmosphere, puzzling out the endless possibilities that are so easy to think of but which are so elusive in practice.

Yet there is always to-morrow, or, if not to-morrow, next year, and plenty of time before then to relive in the imagination the most exciting moments of the year. For surely there is no sport that gives you such a thrilling impression of speed, or where your unique enthusiasm can be shared with so many friends.

A PROUD MOTHER WITH HER VERY PRECIOUS INFANT: The male baby Black Rhinoceros, born on December 24 in the Zoo at Frankfurt-on-Main, in Germany, rubs against the thick neck of its mother Katherina. It is very rare for a rhinoceros of any species to be born in captivity. The Black *Bicornis* variety has two horns and the incipient growths can already be seen here on the head of the baby, which was only three days old when the picture was taken. The horns have no connection with the bones of the skull but consist of agglutinated masses of horny fibres or hairs growing out of the skin.

A RARE ZOO BABY

An Infant Black Rhino Makes its Bow to the World in the Zoo at Frankfurt-on-Main in Germany

A POPULAR ATTRACTION: The baby rhino is already drawing the crowd at the Frankfurt Zoo. *On right*—Katherina keeps a watchful eye over her offspring standing shakily in the straw. At its birth on Christmas Eve the baby weighed 50 lb.

THE UNIQUE BEAUTY OF TORRIDON

Roads are Needed to Popularise a Magnificent but Little-known Area of the Scottish Highlands

Written and Photographed by
TOM WEIR

On left—

A DARING MOTORIST: She has driven her car along a track by the shore of Loch Torridon, on the coast of Ross and Cromarty in the Highlands of Scotland. She is enjoying one of the splendid views which could be seen by many if proper roads were built in this area. As it is at present, the people living at Inveralligin, on the far side of the water, have to make a detour of many miles unless they come by boat to reach the spot where the motorist is standing.

IN an article in *The Times* of December 1, Mr. Eric Linklater compared the unique charms of the mountains of Torridon, in Wester Ross, to places as world-famous as the Vale of Kashmir and the Inland Sea of Japan. The theme of his article was that the inhabitants of this crofting region are being driven from it by reason of its inaccessibility. The crofters themselves at a recent meeting attended by their M.P. for Ross and Cromarty, Captain John MacLeod, stated that unless seven or eight miles of road is constructed up the coast to Gairloch, the community will die.

The road, it is argued, would bring life to the district in the form of tourists. It would make a greater area of coast available for the gathering of seaweed for the factory at Gairloch. The thousands of people who by-pass the region because there is no road would visit it, and bring the tourist trade with them. Without this road, some of the finest scenery in the world is being neglected.

However, the importance of such a road should not be overstressed. The crofters of Torridon are, in fact, better off than most townships in the north-west, because they have a motor road to their doors, and a service of mails and communications so good that they get the newspapers on the day they are published—a benefit denied to a quarter of the townships of the north-west. The road they would like to see spanning the coast to Gairloch would not service one family, because there is not one house over its proposed route.

Among the people in and around Torridon there is a difference of opinion regarding the merits of having a road on the north side of the loch or on the south. The supporters of the south side feel that they have an even greater claim to a road, their suggestion being that the private road which runs along the coast to Shieldaig should be made a public road.

There is much to be said for both claims. It is unlikely that either of these roads would materially affect the present trend of depopulation in the district, but they would stimulate the tourist industry and bring prosperity in this way. It is an area of almost unique beauty, and the construction of both roads would involve very little expense. On the north side of the loch all that is required is the improvement of the existing road from Torridon to Diabaig and the building of a new road for the seven or eight miles from Diabaig to Gairloch. On the south there is already a road except for 500 yards, and a bridge is needed.

The private road along the south side of the loch to Shieldaig has been a thorn in the flesh of motorists for a long time, and a source of much grumbling to tourists, because on some maps it is shown as a "B" road. No restriction is placed on visitors using it, despite being marked "Private," but it comes to a dead-end short of Bridge of Balgy, where there is an impasse in the form of a footbridge. Here the motorist must turn round and detour 65 miles to cover the last three miles to Shieldaig.

Not only is this broken link an inconvenience to the people of Shieldaig and Torridon, but the other two parishes of Kinlochewe and Loch Carron are affected too. One can sympathise with this claim when 1,000 people of a remote region would benefit if 500 yards of new road were added to a reconstructed private drive. These people of four parishes would not only be linked by such a road, but in times of snow when Glen Docherty is blocked, the mails could come by Glen Carron and Shieldaig instead of by Achnasheen, over the mountains.

It can, of course, be argued that the sea is the natural line of communication in this difficult type of fjord country of lochs and steep mountains. Last year the remote parish of Applecross was linked to Kyle of Lochalsh by a daily boat service. Formerly it had to

(Continued on following pages)

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR: This footbridge is on the private road along the southern shore of Loch Torridon. It is only three miles from Shieldaig. But any motor which comes this far from Torridon cannot cross. It must turn back and make a detour of 65 miles to reach Shieldaig.

THE ROUTE FOR A POSSIBLE HIGHWAY: Sheep crowd the private road to Shieldaig. It is proposed that this narrow way could be turned into a public thoroughfare and bring benefits to inhabitants and visitors.

DRAMATIC AND UNIQUE: On the fierce north face of Liathach, Coire na Caime—" the Crooked Corrie "—forms a cirque of sandstone denuded by ice and weather. Beyond the corrie is Loch Torridon. This area is unique in Great Britain for its wild scenery.

THE VIEW NORTH-EAST FR LIATHACH: Beyond Beinn Eighe, the centre, lie the Fannich Mo tains. The sharp peak on the ri is Beinn Fionn, above Achnashe

A SYMBOL OF DEPOPULATION: A ruined cottage in Glen Torridon is evidence of the departure in recent years of many inhabitants from this district on the Atlantic coast of the Highlands. Its remoteness and lack of roads have caused its depopulation.

A TESTING-GROUND FOR MOUNTAINEERS: The approach to the summit of Beinn Eighe, in the background, is over hard quartz.

On right—

EXISTING AND PROPOSED ROAD

The map shows the various classes existing roads and the routes of propo highways. On the north of L Torridon the widening of the pre track from Torridon to Diabaig the construction of a new r from Diabaig to Gairloch is s gested. South of the Loch i proposed that the private " dead-e road from Torridon to Shiel should be made a public through-ro

THE UNIQUE BEAUTY OF TORRIDON

(*Continued from previous page*)

rely on the inadequate schedule of the Stornoway steamer. A road to Applecross would have cost £600,000, while a jetty cost only £2,500.

To implement the White Paper of 1950 on Highland Development, which seeks to " encourage people to live in the Highlands by making it possible to secure there, in return for reasonable effort, proper standards of life, and the means of paying for them," has been very much the concern of the Crofters' Commission. It can not only recommend but enforce improvements where this is considered desirable.

But the development of Torridon presents almost insuperable difficulties. There is evidence of poverty everywhere along the barren Atlantic coast with its protruding rocks swept bare of vegetation by 100 ins. of rain per year. The mountains being so steep and free of peat, the run-off after rain is very rapid. The result is sour moors and deer grass. It is poor sheep and cattle country, though it could be made better by vigorous afforestation and a close study of the best use of the land.

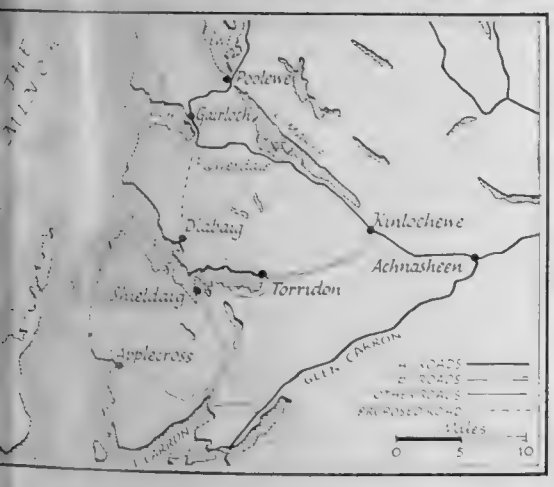
The alternatives to improving the land so that it can give a better living to the people dependent on it are the establishment of small factories and light industries as envisaged by the Scottish Council. The scheme here has been to try to get Scottish industrialists to set up small engineering shops employing local labour, and so try to prevent depopulation. As yet there is little enthusiasm among industrialists for the project, despite success by the pioneer, Mr. Rollo, who is manufacturing light tractors and machine tools in the Highlands at a profit.

It would seem, therefore, that in tourism lies the main hope for the future of the Torridon people. Hence the importance of a system of road communications to make it possible to go from Gairloch down through Torridon and Shieldaig to Loch Carron and on to Skye. It would create, too, a wonderful circular tour by Loch Ma which is Loch Lomond's only rival, then by Gairloch Glen Torridon to Kinlochewe, or down the west co to Kyle of Lochalsh and Skye.

In the whole of Great Britain there is no scenery unique or dramatic as Torridon. It is unique to the geolo because, in a short distance above the sea, rises wha claimed to be the oldest glen in the world, contorted riven by former glaciers which flowed westward to L Torridon, gouging out with their ice streams a chaos monuments of their passage, in tangled moraines, dru lins, water-filled hollows with the Gaelic names of loch

The bare rock thrusting through the earth in cliffs sandstone traversed by vertical faults and ending knife-edges of rock soaring 3,000 ft. above the glen described by the geologist as denudation in an advan stage. Such a geological state is bliss to mountaine who see it all as a testing-ground for their skill, the ha shiny quartz having a particular allure because of square-cut holds.

Perhaps it is only from the tops of these mounta that one can really appreciate the fantastic pattern



y the agency of ice and subsequent weathering. Some f the pictures on these pages show it as it was on a erfect day a few weeks ago.

The two dominating peaks of the glen are Beinn Eighe nd Liathach, the latter shadowing the former by its udden spring from only 200 ft. above sea-level to 3,456 ft. n a seemingly vertical bound. With enormous shoulders, looks like some great crouching beast. It appears difficult and even a dangerous mountain, but this is a isleading impression, though some experience of mountains is necessary to traverse its narrow summit crest rom east to west.

On it a fantastic world of rock scenery is encountered. n winter the colour of the landscape is amazing—pine rees, rich hues of grass and heather, fjords which might e in Norway, rich light on the snow as afternoon wears n to evening, and peaks are in turn lemon-tinted, salmon-ink and burning red at sunset.

It is an unforgettable experience to be on these heights f Torridon. On the clearest days the views extend beyond kye to the Outer Hebrides, and from far south in Inverness-shire to the peaks of Sutherland and Caithness.

SPECTACULAR SCENERY: Round Loch Maree, which is said to be Scotland's only rival to Loch Lomond, is some magnificent scenery. Given a road from Gairloch to Torridon, the motorist could make a round trip through the beauty of the Glen Torridon area and enjoy the views over the Atlantic to Skye and the Outer Isles.

AN "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN" AT STONEHENGE? A solitary set of footprints runs through the deep snow round the famous stones on Salisbury Plain, near Amesbury, and gives the impression of a visitation by an Abominable Snowman to this scene of isolated grandeur. The first heavy falls of snow this winter came to England and Wales at Christmas-time and covered seventy counties. Many main roads were blocked by snowdrifts. Electricity was cut off in some areas and rail services delayed.

WINTER SCENES IN ENGLAND

Snow and Floods in the Countryside

On right—
REFLECTION IN THE WATER: The grey skies, the church spire and other buildings are reflected in the flood-waters in the Windrush valley at Burford, in Oxfordshire. In this part of the Midlands hundreds of acres of farmland were flooded in the New Year when the heavy snows of Christmas had thawed.

SAFETY ON HIGH GROUND: In the Avon Valley, between Tewkesbury and Bredon, sheep graze on the hillside above inundated pastures. Heavy rains increased the floods caused by the thawing snow. The West Country, the West Midlands, South Wales, Dorset, East Yorkshire and Leicestershire were most severely affected. Floods in the Axminster district of Devonshire were the worst for thirty years, farms being isolated. In Monmouthshire cattle had to be rescued on carts and on tractors.

NATIONAL BOAT SHOW

Britain's Boat-building Industry Exhibits its Enterprise in London

By GABOR DENES

THE most surprising thing about the Boat Show is that it is so young. The visitor to the Empire Hall at Olympia must find it difficult to believe —unless he knows—that this is only the third exhibition of its kind ever held in this country. It is organised by the Ship and Boat Builders' National Federation and is sponsored by the *Daily Express*. It ends to-day (Saturday).

The number of exhibits has steadily increased since the first show, and the larger floor area has been used economically. While there is no overcrowding, none of the space is wasted and, what is even more important, everything included is well worth seeing.

As Lord Hailsham reminded us in his opening speech, the British boat-building industry has a very high reputation in the world, and of this the show is truly representative.

In the well of the Empire Hall the largest sailing yachts are housed. Continuing round the rest of the ground floor and into the "annexe" one sees some more large craft including a new R.N.L.I. lifeboat, many motor-cruisers and innumerable smaller sailing boats, motor-boats and engines.

The tour of the exhibition is completed on the two upper floors, on which can be seen every possible gear and thing used in boats, sails, clothing, fibre materials, paints, varnishes and kits for amateur building, books, electrical and electronic equipment, and a thousand and one items of interest to the boat-minded. Everything is of a high standard, well designed and beautifully finished.

This perfect finish, coupled with the highest degree of craftsmanship, gives the general cachet to this third National Boat Show. It is most difficult to pick out examples without failing to do justice to a great many fine exhibits which it would be impossible to mention individually. Thus we must confine ourselves to mentioning just a few selected almost at random.

Navara, a 24-ft. waterline, Class III cruiser racer and cruising yacht built by Fairlie Yacht Slip Ltd. (successors to the great William Fife), is so beautiful as to take one's breath away. It was said of Fife that he would not turn out an ugly-looking craft, and this is certainly true of his successors. Some of our designers concentrate on performance and utility too much these days. It is satisfying to see in *Navara* a yacht of proven performance where none of the harmony of lovely lines has been sacrificed, and perfect shape is combined with the best materials and workmanship down to the smallest detail.

LARGE SAILING YACHTS IN THE NATIONAL BOAT SHOW: In the well of the Empire Hall, at Olympia, in London, two of the yachts on left are, in foreground, a South Coast One Design fast cruiser, and, in background, a West Channel type 10-ton auxiliary sloop. In right background is the yacht *Nyala*. The number of exhibits this year is greater than in previous Shows.

Another fine example is *Nyala of St. Vincent*, built by A. H. Moody and Son Ltd. to the design of Frederick Parker for an overseas yachtsman. She is a 30-ft. waterline auxiliary sloop built under Lloyd's supervision and classed 100 A.1. Here again, the workmanship is superb, from the light oak interior down to the gleaming copper sheathing of the bottom.

Morgan Giles Ltd. are showing a 26-ft. waterline Bermudan sloop, similar to this firm's "West Channel" type of yachts. She is very well equipped and her finish is up to the highest standard. Among these larger craft the South Coast One Design, built by Woodnutt and Co. Ltd., looks rather small, but creates no less interest.

Her sailnumber is S.C.31, which shows the rapid growth of popularity of this utilitarian cruiser-racer class started barely two years ago. Ingeniously designed by Charles Nicholson, the S.C.O.D. can be built at reasonable cost, will sleep four in tolerable comfort, and can be used equally for family cruising or racing.

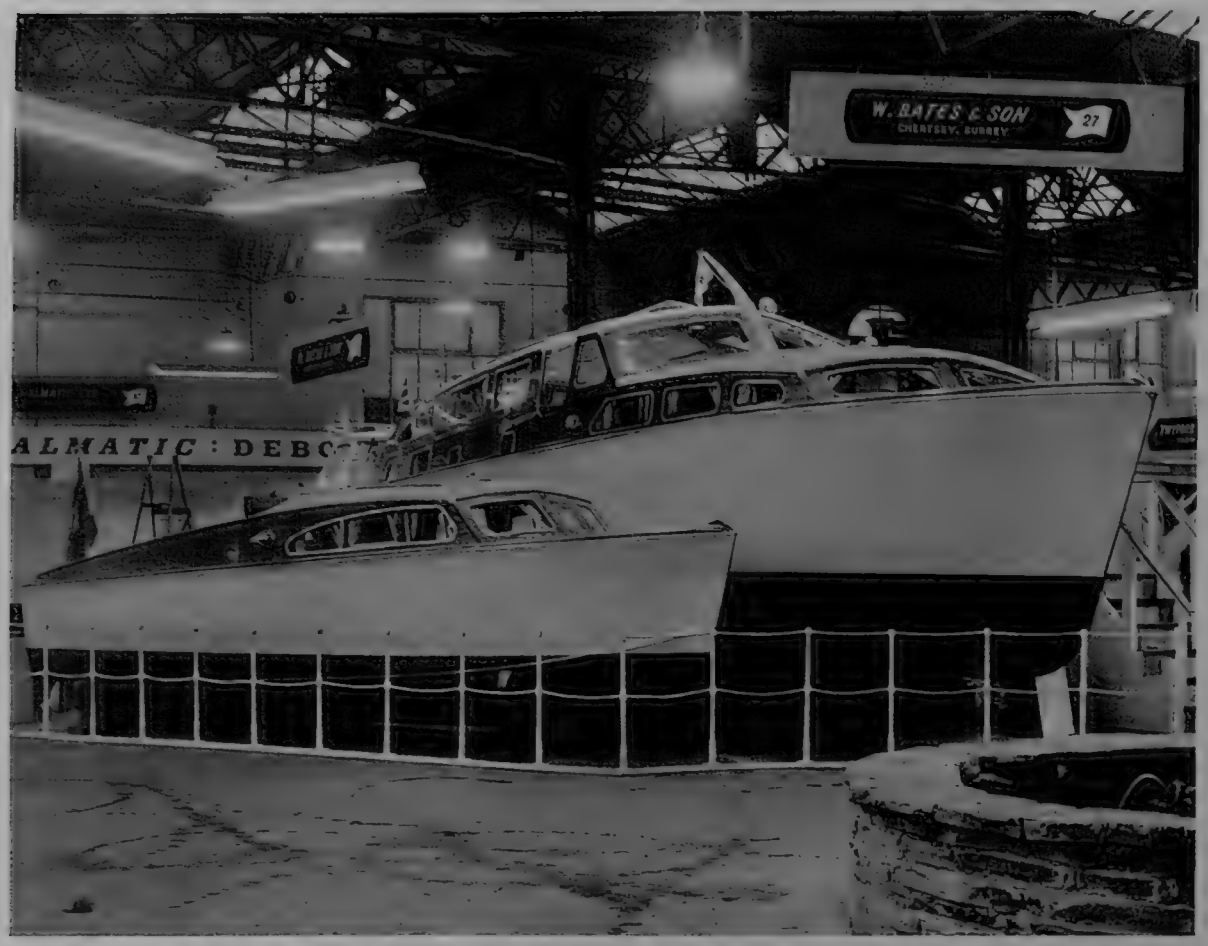
The 26-ft. "Atalanta," made by Fairey Marine Ltd., is a completely different type of cruising yacht. Designed by Uffa Fox, this unorthodox craft can trace its ancestry to his well-known racing dinghy hulls. She not only has eminent sailing characteristics, but is very well suited for the hot-moulded plywood building process used by Fairey Marine, who are marketing this cruiser as a stock-boat.

With her heavy retractable twin keels raised, the "Atalanta" draws only 18 ins. (5 ft. 9 ins. with the keels down), and this makes her ideally suited for shallow estuaries and rivers, but at the same time she is a fine seaboat and is claimed to be uncapsizable. In spite of her shallow draft there is accommodation for six adults, and an added advantage is her transportability on a trailer.

(*Continued on following pages*)

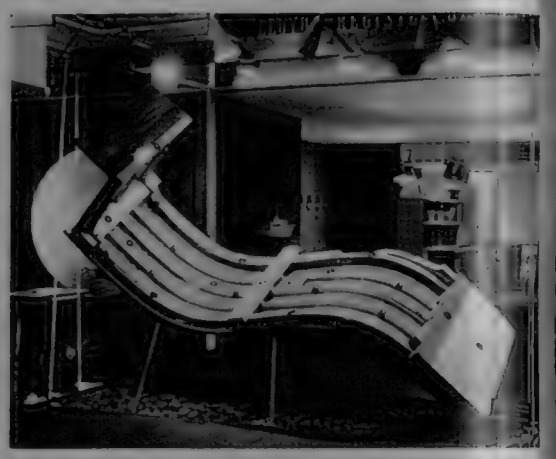
On left—

A SEA-GOING CABIN CRUISER: With a length of 30 ft., a beam of 9 ft. 3 ins., and a draft of approximately 3 ft., this craft is designed to make the best use of available space and provide the maximum comfort. She has been built by Messrs. John I. Thornycroft Ltd. in their Singapore Yard and is a fine example of the type of workmanship being turned out there. Her engine is a Thornycroft type RTR4-D1 marine diesel engine. The cruiser is one of the many craft on view in the National Boat Show, organised by the Ship and Boat Builders' National Federation and sponsored by the *Daily Express*.



MOTOR CRUISERS TO SUIT ALL TASTES: On the right is a Star Craft "Forty" and on the left a Star Craft "Twenty." The "Forty" includes among her special features an all-weather flying bridge. She can carry a total complement of ten crew and passengers. The "Twenty," on the left, is a smaller craft. She has accommodation for two and can be transported on a car trailer. Both are seen in this year's National Boat Show.

AN AMPHIBIOUS CARAVAN: The "Otter" is a novel construction, being a caravan which can be trailed behind a motor-car or launched from its chassis onto the water to become a self-propelled boat. In the latter capacity, when driven by a 4-h.p. outboard motor, it has a speed of 7 to 8 knots. It sleeps two people and is designed for use only on inland waterways. The "Otter" is made by Amphibian Ltd., is 16 ft. 6 ins. long and weighs 12½ cwt.



A.1 AT LLOYD'S: A structure on the stand of Lloyd's Register of Shipping shows a midship section for a wood yacht. The purpose of this stand is to demonstrate the practical application of Lloyd's "Rules for the Construction and Classification of Wood Yachts."

CARRYING ON A FINE TRADITION: The prow of a Morgan Giles West Channel type 10-ton (T.M.) auxiliary sloop in the Show at Olympia, towers above a small motor pinnace which the firm made over thirty years ago.

NATIONAL BOAT SHOW

(*Continued from previous page*)

Many motor yachts and cruisers of divers size, speed, power and comfort are shown and they all seem to be good value. Several manufacturers of marine engines—diesel and petrol—convince the visitor most successfully that we are not lagging behind in this field in Great Britain, although some fine examples of German and American engines are also on view. This observation unfortunately does not apply to outboard-motors. British-made outboards leave nothing to be desired as regards economy and reliability, but we have yet to produce an outboard to match the American makes in silent efficiency.

The great number of different types of in- and outboard runabouts and launches is somewhat puzzling—one is apt to wonder where they all find their market—but one feels reassured to some extent when large export orders are mentioned by exhibitors. For instance, Healy Marine Ltd., constructors of the 14 ft. 6 ins. "Ski-Master" outboard craft, which, without engine, retails at £165, report that 400 of them have been exported, mainly to the U.S.

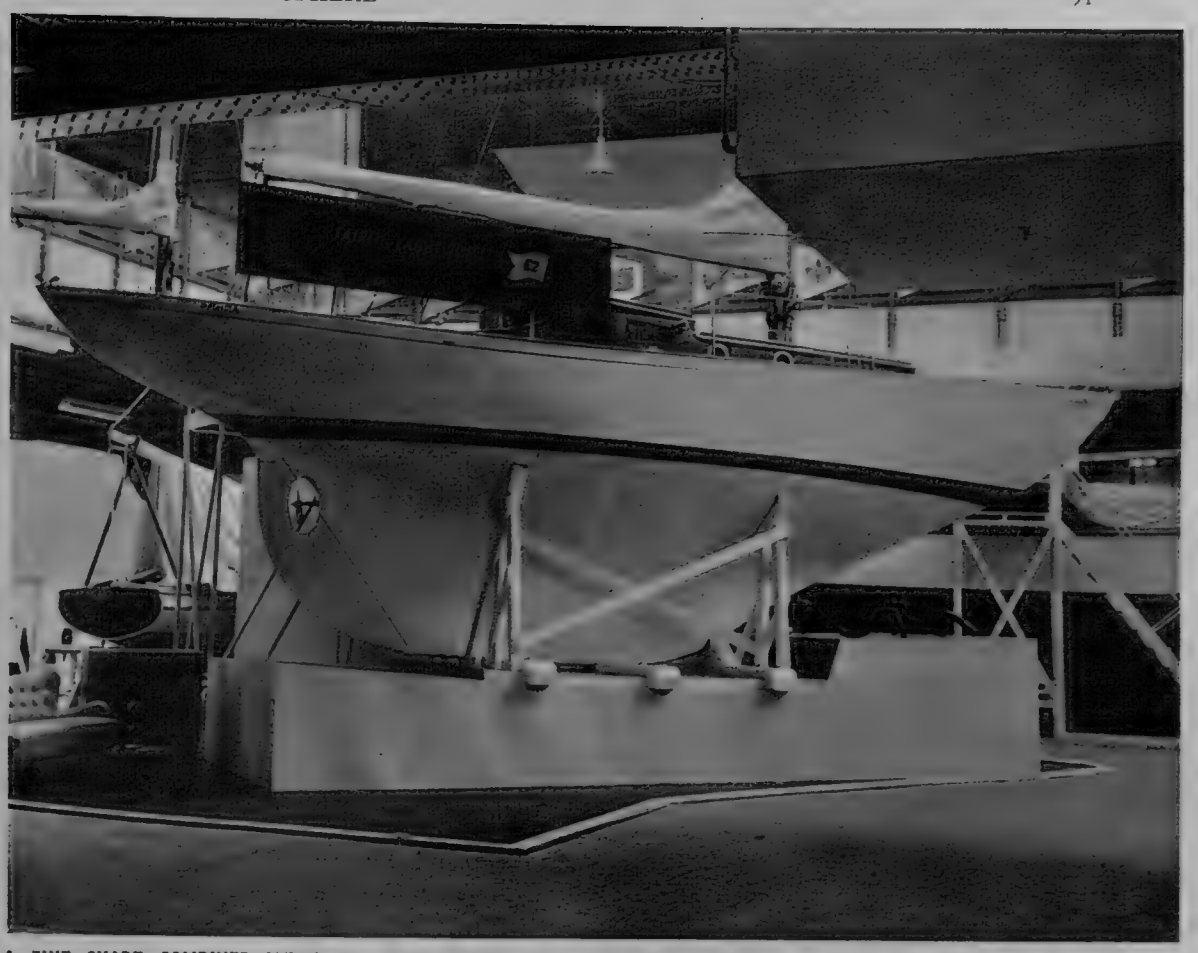
Sailing dinghies, representing most of the recognised racing classes, can be seen in large numbers, both professionally-built and suitable for amateur construction. Many developed in the last few years are evidence of the tremendous popularity of dinghy sailing and racing.

The great strides made in the new methods of boat construction in glass fibres are well to the fore. Outstanding of the boats built in this new material are the two standard 31-ft. hulls in Deborine by Halmatic Ltd., one finished by Tough Bros. as a black-hulled pilot launch and the other by Kris Cruisers as a snowy-white yacht. A third notable craft in this category is the 20-ft. "Fiberglas" cruiser made by W. and J. Tod Ltd. in a delicate shade of green.

It is notable that with these boats the finish is inherent in the material, and no painting is needed. Thus the cost of maintenance is reduced to the minimum. Besides these three examples there are many more small craft built in fibreglass, and there are also some small dinghies and runabouts in plastic, finished in bright colours.

The "Otter" must be singled out, if only for its novelty. This is an amphibious caravan, 16 ft. 6 ins. long, which can be used on land as a normal caravan, and can be launched from its chassis on to the water, to be driven by an outboard motor with the greatest of ease. It is to be hoped that no one will get the notion of crossing the Atlantic, or even the English Channel, in one of these ungainly, but useful craft, for they are intended for inland waters only.

A KIT FOR AMATEUR CONSTRUCTION : The Seagull sloop, designed by Ian Proctor, on the stand of the Bell Woodworking Co. of Leicester, has a retractable keel. The kit costs £282 18s., or the vessel can be bought for £415. The sails are £52 10s. extra.

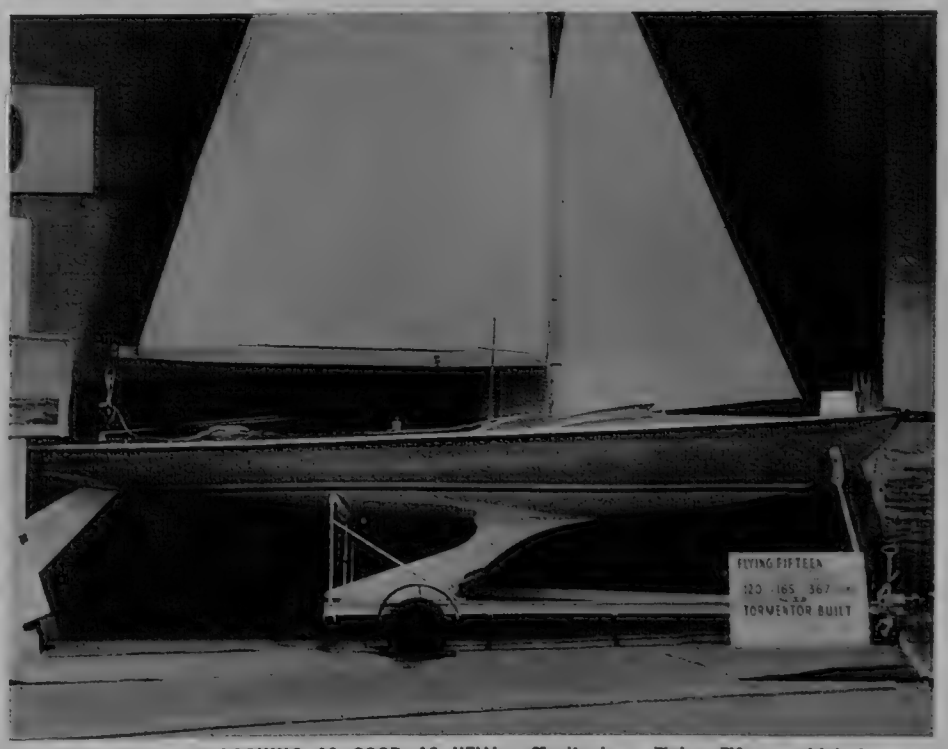


A FINE SHAPE COMBINED WITH THE BEST MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP : *Navara*, a Class III ocean racer, is an auxiliary Bermudan yawl. She is one of the exhibits of the Fairlie Yacht Slip Ltd. (successors to the distinguished designer, the late William Fife). A year old, she has a hard and successful season's racing behind her. Mahogany-planked on oak frames with a teak deck and mahogany superstructure, *Navara* can sleep four adults. In her length of 34 ft. overall the best materials and workmanship are combined in every detail.

AN INEXPENSIVE FAST CRUISER AND RACER : The South Coast One Design is built by Woodnutt and Co. and exhibited by the South Coast One Design Class. Her length overall is 25 ft. 11 ins., her beam 7 ft. 10 ins., her draft 5 ft. 3 ins., and her Thames tonnage 6. This class is intended to provide inexpensive cruisers which can also be raced in passage events or round buoys.

THE PACEMAKER 19 CONVERTIBLE : The latest addition to the Pacemaker series of motor-boats made by Port Hamble Ltd. is a fast outboard boat with a folding top. Walk-through forward seats fold away and provide two sleeping berths. In the large cockpit there is room for two more people to sleep.

FOR ESTUARIES AND COASTAL WATERS : The Mark II Silhouette is a two-berth cruiser in which provision is made for an outboard motor to project through the bottom. Designed by Robert Tucker, she is built by Ferrier Marine Ltd.



SIX YEARS OLD AND LOOKING AS GOOD AS NEW : *ffrolic* is a Flying Fifteen which has won many prizes racing on the Solent in the last six years. It is a tribute to her builders—Tormentor—that she looks like a new boat which has not yet entered the water.

SPANNING A TURBULENT RIVER IN QUEBEC: The cantilever bridge across the Bell River to carry the new railway from Beattyville to Chibougamau is seen under construction. The railway, a branch of the C.N.R.'s northern Quebec main line, forms part of the development plan for a rich mineral area in the province.

PREPARING THE WAY: Seven and a half tons of dynamite are exploded to prepare the way for the railway line through the woods along the Cran River valley.

TYPICAL LIVING QUARTERS FOR THE WORKERS: This log cabin has been erected to house workers who are engaged in building the bridge across one arm of Lake Opawica.

CANADA BUILDS A NEW RAILWAY

A Vital Link for a Rich Mineral Area in Quebec

WORK ON THE RIVER BANK: Drilling crews prepare 21-ft.-deep holes in preparation for dynamiting in the Cran River valley near St. Felicien, on the eastern section of the Chibougamau development line. One blast in this locality yielded 25,000 cub. yards of rock rubble.

AT WORK IN THE SNOW: The men are preparing the piers for a bridge across Lake Opawica. The construction of the steel superstructure will await the completion of the railway to this point, so that the heavy girders can be brought up by train.

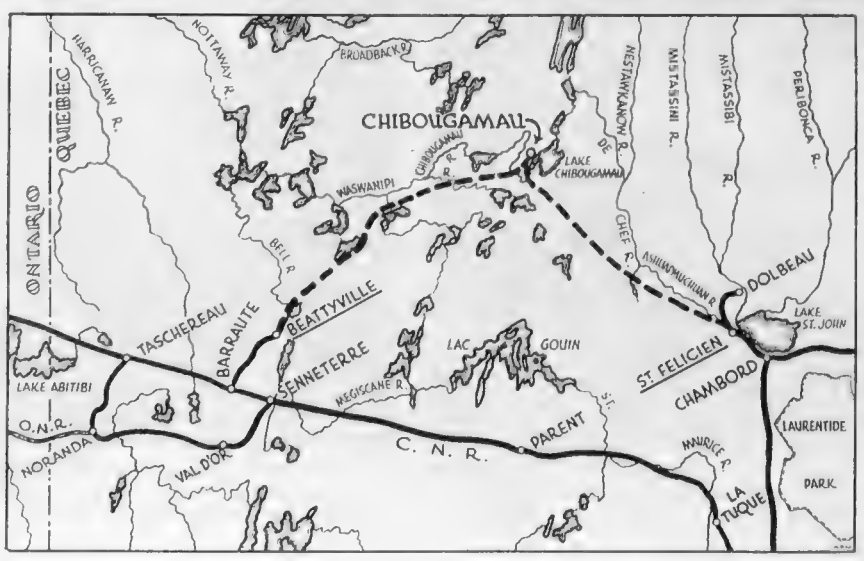
The new line which the Canadian National Railways are building in Central Quebec will serve a rich mineral area where the ore deposits already discovered total more than 10,000,000 tons. The line is to run in two sections from Beattyville, on the C.N.R.'s northern Quebec main line, 149·8 miles north to Cache Lake, with a short branch line to Chibougamau, and from Cache Lake south-eastwards for 135 miles to St. Felicien, in the Lake St. John area. The first part is now ready as far as Opemiska.

The purpose of the new railway is for the transportation of the ore from Northern Quebec to important sources of cheap power. For instance, the section between Beattyville and Chibougamau will be used to carry ore to existing refineries in nearby Ontario. Some ore is already being sent out by road, but the full development of the area must wait for the completion of the railway.

Chibougamau (literally, "Quiet Place"), in Central Quebec, is a town with a population of 3,500, which at present is served by road and plane. The ore deposits discovered in the locality consist mainly of copper and zinc, with some gold and silver and the possibility of iron. Within the immediate area of the new railway line, too, are some 12,000 square miles of forest with a timber volume of at least 12,000,000 cords.

Work on the new line was carried on through the extreme weather of last winter and will continue throughout the present season. Construction crews are pushing steadily ahead through the snow-covered forests and across the muskeg ooze which plagued the early railway constructors. Extensive preparatory work was necessary along the route, especially on the section to St. Felicien, where grading presented a particular problem. In the Cran River valley the line takes to a sidehill, and extensive blasting was necessary to prepare the way. The largest bridge is at Bell River, where a 400-ft.-long cantilever-type structure was erected 25 ft. above water-level.

The Beattyville section of the railway is wholly financed by the C.N.R., which has traffic guarantees from the principal industries in the area, but the second section is being built with a federal subsidy. The total costs when the project was approved by the Canadian Parliament were estimated at £14,900,000, but this figure is likely to be substantially exceeded by the time the work is complete.



On left—

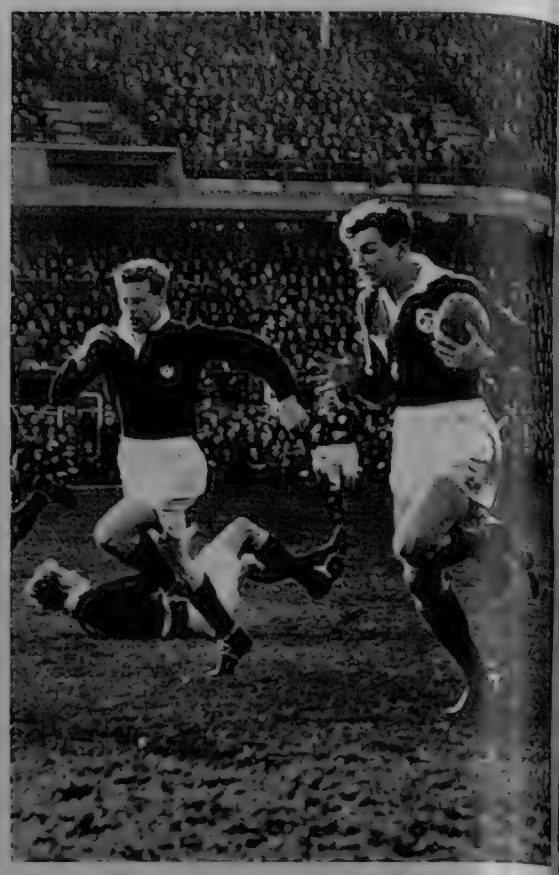
THE ROUTE TO CHIBOUGAMAU: The sections of the new railway are indicated on this map by a broken line. Surveyors began preliminary work on the new line in 1953.

AMERICAN WARPLANES LOOK DOWN INTO A JAPANESE VOLCANO: This unconventional picture of Fujiyama, seen from directly above its crater, was taken from a U.S. Navy Grumman Cougar unarmed photographic reconnaissance aircraft flying overhead. Another Cougar (bottom left) flies below the camera. Fujiyama's crater is filled with snow and water, for there has been no eruption for two and a half centuries. It is nearly three miles in circumference, and 500 ft. deep. *On left* — Another formation of Cougars, based on one of the aircraft-carriers attached to the United States Seventh Fleet, flies by the flank of Fujiyama, which forms an impressive backdrop. Unlike that described above, this type of Cougar is a fully-armed fighter. As with many military aircraft, the Cougar appears in several versions for different purposes. Fujiyama, on Honshu island, is the highest mountain in Japan, with an altitude of 12,390 ft. It stands 60 miles south-west of Tokyo, and is the sacred mountain of Japan. It is visited annually by many thousands of Buddhist pilgrims, who ascend to the summit to make their devotions at the numerous old shrines.

OVER FUJIYAMA

American Planes Photograph a Japanese Volcano

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH AT TWICKENHAM: S. C. Coles, the Oxford scrum-half, flings out a long pass to set his three-quarter line moving in the 1956 match which Cambridge won by 14 points to 9. On the right the Oxford second row is still packing-down as the wing forwards of both sides break from the scrum.



IRELAND MEET SCOTLAND AT LANSDOWNE ROAD: A. J. O'Rei... (on right) about to cross the Scottish line for Ireland's second try. Scotland were beaten by 14 points to ...

RUGBY—A MID-SEASON REPORT

A Survey from the National and the International Point of View

By VIVIAN JENKINS

IT has been said that new meat begets new appetite—a remark happily true of each recurring Rugby season. One suspects, indeed, that whoever had most to do with the framing of the annual programme must himself have been something of a diner-out. First there is the *hors-d'œuvre* of the early-season tours to the West Country and the preliminary sparrings of the clubs; next, in slowly heightening tempo, the County Championship matches, leading on to the International trials, and finally the University match, which makes just about the perfect entrée to the main dish. This, of course, consists of the International matches proper, now being laid before us to tempt the palate, and commanding full and undivided attention. There is the speculation, too, that adds savour to the finest dish. So far, we can all be said to have enjoyed ourselves.

The visits of a number of Continental sides provided a welcome touch of novelty in the early stages, and if the Rumanians looked the most apt, the Italians, too, showed that they have come a long way in the game's finer arts. Their troubles are mostly of temperament, which could not be said of the Germans, who made up for certain technical deficiencies by their enthusiasm and wholesome approach to the game. The time for an extension of full-scale International matches on the Continent may not be yet, as, indeed, Rugby Union spokesmen have already declared, but these interchanges of visits at lower levels can do nothing but good.

In the club field, Cardiff, almost inescapably, it seems, have once again emerged, thus far, as the team of the year. Unbeaten for some twenty matches until they ran up against a renascent Swansea, they derive great gains, not least in morale, from the presence of an outstanding mid-field triangle—Cliff Morgan, Wells and G. Griffiths—all Internationals and collectively a daunting sight for those committed against them. Newport, of the Welsh clubs, have not been far behind them. In London the Harlequins go from strength to strength, with their captain, R. M. Bartlett, at fly-half, a great driving force, committed to everything but whip and spur in his efforts to get the best out of his side. His bid for an England cap emerges as a fitting by-product.

In the Midlands, Coventry, with England Internationals in D. F. Allison, at full-back, and the mercurial P. B. Jackson on one wing and J. S. Swan, of Scotland, on the other, are keeping up the traditions maintained for as long as one can remember; yet Moseley, who owe much to their hooker and leader, N. A. H. Creese, the former Oxford Blue, have made the biggest advance of all. Already they number Gloucester (twice), Northampton, Bristol, London Welsh and the Wasps among their victims—ample evidence of their return to high estate after several lean seasons. Going farther north, Liverpool, as befits one of the oldest clubs in the country—founded in 1866—are again having a successful season, with R. Higgins making a remarkable return to the game after a serious knee operation. Headingley, in Yorkshire, and Edinburgh Academicals and Boroughmuir F.P., across the Border, also merit inclusion in this interim honours list. Club Rugby flourishes quantitatively as well, with some 1,600 clubs now affiliated to the Rugby Union. Ten years ago the figure was barely 800, so the strength has been doubled.

County Rugby, wherein the England selectors perforce conduct their main lines of enquiry, still remains a somewhat unsatisfactory business. As long as some areas make it of prime importance, as in the north and west, whereas others relegate it to a shadowy mid-week role, the balance of emphasis is too lopsided to promote the fullest interest. For all that, the meeting in the semi-final of Yorkshire and Middlesex, top of the Northern and South-Eastern Groups respectively, should provide one of the best matches of the season, with the winners like... to emerge as eventual champions. Rumour percolate... that the playing qualifications for the Championship a... at present being reviewed, not without reason. No o... will quarrel with anyone being allowed to play for t... county of his birth, but the three months' residence ru... leads to a number of anomalies. This applies particularl... when the player concerned has left the county, but st... continues to be called on. Be that as it may, we ca... give thanks for one aspect of the game which pleases... The University match has once again given the lie t... those who declared its days of glory were at an end, a... Cambridge's victory, by 14 points to 9, was the outcom... of much thrilling play; of a different kind, perhaps, fro... the Brace-Smith spell-weaving of 1955, but straight... forward, honest-to-goodness thrusting, with every playe... stretched to the limit of endeavour throughout the whol... eighty minutes.

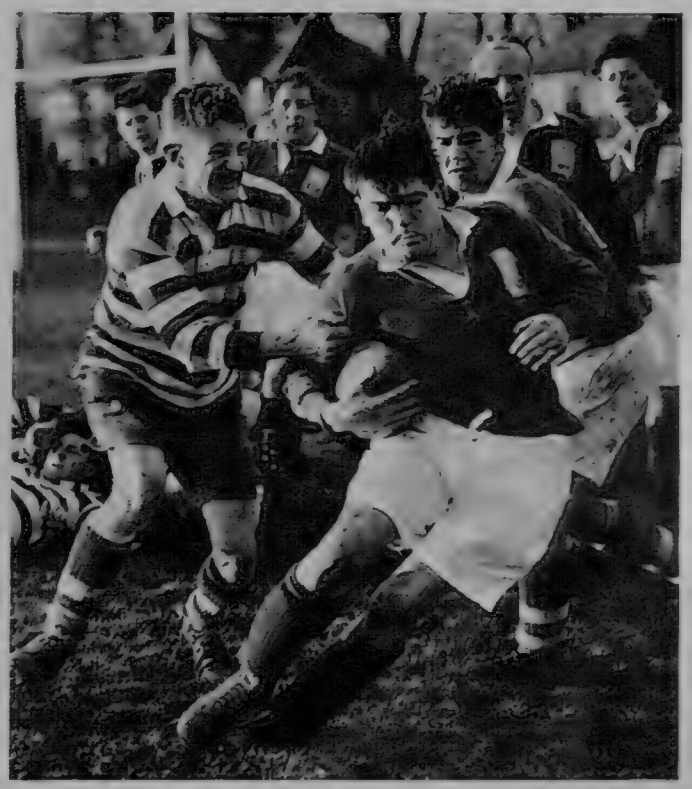
Oxford men, no doubt, will cavil for many a da... at the strange quirk which prompted Brace not to tak... a penalty goal in the first half of the match when offered... but instead to gamble on a tenuous 5 points by way o... the short kick. Nor did his decision to play at fly-half, no... scrum, please everyone. But the Oxford captain had be... up against all manner of team-building problems fro... the start, and a Cambridge win, always on the cards, on... confirmed the events of term-time. Individual honou... at Twickenham went to Horrocks-Taylor and Barter, ...

SCHOOL RUGBY AT HAMMERSMITH: The University College School scrum-half (wearing striped jersey) gets th... ball away from a set scrum to his waiting fly-half in a match against St. Paul's on the latter school's... ground at Hammersmith. The school buildings in the background were used as a D-Day Planning H.Q. ...

A SCOTTISH BREAK-THROUGH : J. S. Swan, of Scotland, prepares to make a diagonal kick after breaking through the Irish defences in last year's International. Together with P. B. Jackson, of England, Swan is also one of the Coventry wings.

A GALLIC HAND-OFF : Domenech, of France, hands-off an Irish forward during the match at Colombes last January, when France beat Ireland by 14 points to 8. On left Roe (Ireland) moves up to cover the gap followed by Labadie (France).

A TRY FOR ENGLAND : P. B. Jackson (white jersey) crosses the Irish line to score England's first try in last year's match at Twickenham. England gained an overwhelming victory by 20 points to nil, and finished second in the International Table to Wales, who were first for the second year running.



THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP : The Hertfordshire captain, Bryn Meredith (London Welsh), emerges from a loose maul with the ball despite the clutching hands of G. S. W. Ellis (Richmond), of Berkshire.

Cambridge fly-half and centre, for their sensational tries n the opening minutes which so upset Oxford's equilibrium. After that the road back proved just too long, bravely hough the losers fought.

Now we come to the International matches themselves, nd the annual speculation on who 'll-do-its—as stimuating as any whodunits, and even more obscure. England, n present evidence, have the most plentiful supply of naterial to hand, and barring accidents should make a irm bid for Championship honours. Their strength lies n their three-quarter line, where Jackson, Butterfield, Cannell and P. H. Thompson have proved a potent force n the trials, with men like Woodward, W. P. C. Davies, Sykes, and others forming a reserve that other countries vill envy. Even so, there is still a problem at half-back, nd Wales this time have to be met in Wales, not at Twickenham. The "Land of My Fathers," as rendered y a Cardiff Arms Park crowd, evokes a very special esponse from the men in red jerseys. Messrs. Morgan, Wells and Griffiths, that same Cardiff trio, will no doubt eact accordingly if called on on January 19, and the result vill have a big bearing on everything that follows.

Scotland, for the moment, are engaged in their perenial and frustrating search for centres, but their forwards, vith such an inspiring leader as Greenwood, are capable f winning matches on their own. Nor can Ireland be gnored. Any side that includes a runner like O'Reilly as only to play up to him to startle anything put against hem. France are apt to be an unknown quantity, internal iscords having sometimes to be settled before their team nally takes shape ; but, depend on it, nothing will be pared in their quest for the Championship, which yet ludes them after over fifty years. Spin the wheel, then—ngland, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and France—and if the ointer comes to rest on England, the omens, for once, vill have been borne out.

AN ENGLISH CENTRE IN FULL FLIGHT : Butterfield was one of the mainsprings of the English three-quarters last season and is likely to remain so this year.

THE WELSH WIZARD : Cliff Morgan (above) with his partners of the Welsh and Cardiff XV's, Wells and G. Griffiths, forms part of one of the greatest of mid-field combinations.

LONDON'S NEW BALLET

"The Prince of the Pagodas" at Covent Garden

"THE PRINCE OF THE PAGODAS": Svetlana Beriosova and David Blair in the new ballet.

THE EVIL PRINCESS HOLDS THE STAGE: A scene from Benjamin Britten's new ballet, *The Prince of the Pagodas*, at Covent Garden. The Princess Belle Epine (Julia Farron), on left, the disagreeable sister of the heroine, Princess Belle Rose, sits on her minion, the Dwarf (Ray Powell). Behind them, the Emperor (Leslie Edwards) holds court. On right, King South, King West, King North and King East woo the Princess.

THE HERO AND HEROINE TOGETHER: The Princess Belle Rose (Svetlana Beriosova) dances with the Prince of the Pagodas (David Blair). The new ballet, performed by the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, has music by Benjamin Britten. The choreography is by John Cranko and the decor by John Piper.

A new ballet, *The Prince of the Pagodas*, forms part of the repertory of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, which is performing at Covent Garden. The choreography is by John Cranko and the music by Benjamin Britten, who is to conduct five performances. *The Prince of the Pagodas* is John Cranko's first full-length ballet, and is also the first original ballet score to be composed by Benjamin Britten. The decor is by John Piper and the costumes by Desmond Heeley. The ballet relates a fairy-story on familiar lines. The heroine, Princess Belle Rose, is danced by Svetlana Beriosova, and her sister, the equally beautiful but villainous Princess Belle Epine, by Julia Farron. The hero, the Prince of the Pagodas (David Blair), takes the shape of a green salamander, but later on, being kissed by the Princess Belle Rose, he assumes his true identity. The Emperor, the Princesses' father, is danced by Leslie Edwards. The two major parts of Princess Belle Rose and the Prince of the Pagodas are to be danced by Anya Linden and Ronald Hynd in some performances.

FATHER, DAUGHTER AND DWARF: The wicked Princess Belle Epine gazes covetously at the crown in the Emperor's hands while the Dwarf looks on. The Princess becomes ruler of the land and imprisons her father, but in the end he is reinstated by the Prince of the Pagodas, with whom Princess Belle Rose has fallen in love.

RESCUE ON MONT BLANC

Two Stranded Climbers are Saved from the Italian Side

As desperate but fruitless attempts were being made to rescue two students, Jean Vincendon and François Henry, isolated on the French side of Mont Blanc, a successful rescue on the Italian side of the *massif* brought two other stranded climbers to safety. The rescued men are Walter Bonatti, a Piedmontese guide, who was a member of the 1954 Italian expedition which scaled K2, the world's second largest peak, and an Alpine officer, Lieutenant Silvano Gheser. When reached by one of the rescue patrols both men were completely exhausted. Bonatti was able to walk down the mountain to the little village of Courmayeur, but Gheser, whose legs and right hand were severely frostbitten, had to be lowered by ropes on a sled.

WHILE THE SEARCH WAS IN PROGRESS: One of the Alpine patrols which set out to find the two climbers checks its mountain equipment before the start. The patrols were linked by wireless and were given helicopters to aid in the search and rescue. Guides and troops formed the teams.

MONT BLANC FROM THE ITALIAN SIDE: While attempting these slopes two Italian climbers, Walter Bonatti, a Piedmontese guide, and Lieutenant Silvano Gheser, an Alpine officer, were stranded for nearly three days. An Alpine patrol eventually cut its way across a 1,640-ft. ice barrier and found the two men 11,245 ft. up in the *massif*.

On right—

ON THE WAY TO SAFETY: Walter Bonatti walks unaided into the Italian Alpine village of Courmayeur after being helped down the mountain.

A HAZARDOUS TREK DOWN THE SLOPES: Snow is packed round Lieutenant Gheser to keep him warm during the descent. *On left*—The sled bearing the Alpine officer, who was badly frost-bitten, is towed down.

DEATH ON A MOUNTAIN

Two Young Students Lose Their Lives on Mont Blanc

Despite all attempts at rescue, it finally proved impossible to reach the two students, Jean Vincendon and Francois Henry, stranded since Christmas on the French side of Mont Blanc. All hope of saving them was abandoned after a last attempt to reach them by helicopter. The two students, who are in the cabin of a crashed helicopter, 12,000 ft. up in the *massif*, are believed to be dead of exposure.

Before the decision to abandon the rescue work was taken, Alouette helicopters flown by two test pilots had managed to snatch from the Dome du Gouter the eight would-be rescuers who had been stranded there while trying to reach the students. Four of these men had been isolated when their helicopter crashed and the other four had been cut off when coming to their aid. All eight had taken refuge in a hut near the scene of the crash after putting the two students in sleeping bags and making a shelter for them in the cabin of the wrecked helicopter.

In the opinion of the leader of the eight-man party, Commandant Santini, the two students were already dying when he reached them. In his report after being brought down from the *massif*, he stated : " We at once realised that they were dying. They were frozen to the loins. They had not been able to put up the isothermic tent which had been dropped earlier and were waiting for us in a hole." A last-minute offer by the Swiss Alpine pilot Hermann Geiger to land his Piper Cub fitted with skis in a rescue bid was refused by the parents of the doomed students, who did not wish any more lives to be risked

A MONT BLANC RESCUE TEAM SETS OUT: A party of guides sets out from the Plan de L'Aiguille at 6,000 ft. in a bid to rescue two young students, Jean Vincendon and Francois Henry, who had been stranded on Mont Blanc, 12,000 ft. up in the *massif*, since Christmas. Fierce blizzards and high winds defeated this and other rescue attempts, and hope of saving the lives of the two men had to be abandoned.

On left—

A WOULD-BE-RESCUER RESCUED: Commandant Santini (in centre), one of the eight rescuers who were trapped on Mont Blanc after their helicopter had crashed, is brought back to Chamonix by another rescue team. The eight men were picked up by helicopter, but it was impossible to reach the two injured students.

THE FRENCH SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR AT CHAMONIX : M. Henri Laforest, in centre (with overcoat), flew over Mont Blanc while the operations were in progress. In background is one of the Alouette helicopters which were much used by the rescue teams.

SAVED FROM THE MOUNTAIN: Warrant Officer Blanc, one of the eight stranded rescuers, is helped across the snow on the 12,000-ft. Dome du Gouter towards a helicopter. When reached by the rescue helicopter he was suffering from severe frost-b

LANDING ON MONT BLANC : A Sikorsky S55 helicopter, piloted by Sergeant Petetin, lands on the Dome du Gouter with four rescuers. The four men were able to reach another four-man team whose helicopter had crashed earlier in attempting to rescue the two students. All eight of the rescuers were later snatched from the *massif* by two more helicopters.

N THE WAY TO HOSPITAL: Warrant Officer Blanc is carried into hospital from an ambulance after the rescue helicopter had landed.

HE RESCUED GUIDES AT CHAMONIX: Two of the rescued men duck beneath the rotors of an Alouette helicopter as they leave the aircraft.

BRINGING THE GUIDES BACK TO CHAMONIX : An Alouette helicopter prepares to land on the skating rink at Chamonix, which had been turned into an improvised airfield as a base for the helicopter teams engaged in the rescue attempts. The Alouette, which is a jet helicopter in service with the French Army, is particularly suited for high-altitude work.

A GRIM YEAR FOR THE MOTORIST

After a Difficult 1956, Car-owner and Industry Face an Unhappy 1957; Makers Give More Attention to Small Cars, like the Bond Minicar and the Austin A 35

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

IT has been a black year for motorists and the outlook for 1957 is grim. One of the few redeeming features of the motoring scene in 1956, as far as the paying customer was concerned, was the return of a real buyer's market. You could buy with little or no delay in delivery almost any car you liked—provided you could afford it. But the cost of motoring went up and up and the Government made it more and more difficult for people of limited resources to buy a new car.

In February, for instance, they raised the hire-purchase deposit from 33⅓ per cent. to 50 per cent. It was cut back to 20 per cent. only recently in a pathetically inadequate gesture by a Government who at long last are beginning to realise that the motor industry is up against it. Purchase tax continued throughout the year at the crippling rate of 60 per cent., at which figure it has now stood since October 1955. The price of petrol went up by a halfpenny a gallon last October.

In December the Suez crisis produced a further increase of 1s. 5d. a gallon, including another 1s. a gallon duty, which brought the petrol tax up to the ridiculous figure of 3s. 6d. a gallon. Worst of all, petrol rationing came back on December 17 with a basic allowance of only 200 miles a month.

Another big disappointment was the Government's continued refusal to do anything really worth while towards giving Britain an adequate road system. They have merely tinkered with the problem of our out-of-date roads and done little more than talk about serious congestion in city centres and the scandalous lack of parking facilities.

When we look into the crystal ball, the prospects for 1957 seem even more grim than the actual happenings of the year just ended; especially if we enlarge the scope of this little survey and include the welfare of the car firms. Hundreds of car workers are being sacked and thousands more are being put on a three-day week. This means a considerable reduction in output and the ripples of misfortune are already spreading out and lapping around the factories which make the considerable amount of equipment "bought out" by the big car firms.

It seems that only an end to petrol rationing, a substantial cut in the purchase tax and a sweeping away of credit restrictions will bring back full-time working in the factories of the car firms and of their suppliers. Unless that day comes soon there is a real danger that because home sales fall so far short of expectations, the car manufacturers will be unable to hold their export prices. And that could mean another disastrous setback in the country's overseas trade.

British manufacturers of the bigger cars are getting seriously worried about the possible long-term effects of petrol rationing. They are afraid the fuel shortage may bring about a radical change in the pattern of motoring in Britain, with perhaps a permanent swing towards smaller cars. Traffic congestion on our crowded roads and the difficulty of parking big cars could help to encourage this trend towards smaller models. The design departments of the Big Five are known to be giving increasing attention to the problems involved in working out blueprints for cars even smaller than such models as the Austin A 35, Morris Minor, Standard Eight and Ford Anglia. Whether detailed designs will be prepared and production planned is another matter.

There has long been a strange prejudice among Britain's big manufacturers against going in for really small cars: cars like the 2 c.v. Citroen, the German Goggomobil or the Fiat 600. They say they would not be popular among British motorists, who would prefer to buy a bigger car second-hand with the money needed to acquire a brand-new "baby." The rationing of petrol and its ever-mounting cost may cause them to change their outlook towards the miniature car

A NEW "BABY AUSTIN": The A 35 has replaced the A 30 as the smallest Austin. It has a higher compression ratio and a closer ratio gear-box, giving better performance with true economy.

I personally think there would be a big sale for a four-seater, four-wheel saloon powered by a twin-cylinder, air-cooled engine of 350 cc. (placed at the back or the front) if it was designed on attractive lines by one of our big firms and put into production on such a scale that it could be offered for £400 with tax at its present rate. That means a basic price of around £270. It should be able to do at least 60 miles to the gallon and cruise at 50 m.p.h.

With so much talk of petrol economy and the need to squeeze as many miles as possible out of every coupon, I borrowed one of the latest Bond Minicars, which, being three-wheelers, get six gallons a month, like our smallest four-wheelers. And as the Bond is reputed to do between 80 and 90 miles to the gallon, that means at least 450 miles of basic motoring every month, whereas 200 miles on the ration is the normal figure.

The Bond I took over was brand-new and not yet run-in. Because of this the carburettor had a rich setting, to make sure the engine got plenty of oil (which is mixed with the petrol, as is usual with two-stroke engines). Yet a careful check gave me a mileage of exactly 80 for the first gallon I used; and it was commercial grade fuel at that. This Bond Minicar is a greatly-improved little runabout.

Since I last carried out an extended road test in one of them many refinements have been incorporated. The car I had was much more comfortable to ride in, thanks to improved springing, a seat of better design and a hood that admits very few draughts. It started easily with the press of a button on the dash, even on cold mornings, and although the new engine was still "stiff," it gave a much more lively performance than I had previously associated with the Minicar.

In London traffic, especially in normal times, you can get around in the Minicar as quickly as in a car costing five times as much. It is highly manœuvrable and at traffic lights it can often nip into a small space at the head of the queue. The cheapest Minicar costs, with tax, about £279. The de luxe family version, with extra seats in the back for two children, costs £320. Is there any wonder that the Lancashire firm which builds the Minicar is turning them out—and selling them—as fast as it can?

A trip to the West Country in an Austin A 35 recently gave me a taste of economy motoring on a rather more luxurious scale than that offered by the rugged little Minicar. Over 400 miles I averaged 45 miles to the gallon, even though I cruised at 50 m.p.h. or more on the open road and did a fair amount of traffic work.

The Austin I tried was a two-door saloon with the new 1,000-cc. engine and improved gear-box. I still do not like the lines of this "baby" Austin, neat as they are. The car looks like a toy—but once you are inside this impression vanishes like snow in the sun. It is surprisingly roomy and the performance is most impressive. The A 35 is a delightful car to drive. It holds the road well, does not throw you about, has reliable brakes, and gets you to your journey's end feeling remarkably fresh. The model I tried costs £541 7s., and it 's worth it.

The R.A.C. recently sent an observer on an interesting fuel-consumption test with an A 35 picked at random from the Austin assembly-line. It was driven for 524 miles at an average speed of 31·6 m.p.h., which meant going at 50 m.p.h. or more for long periods. Fuel consumption worked out at 53·7 m.p.g. And on the day following the end of the run the R.A.C. carried out a speed test. The car was not tuned in any way but it did 75 m.p.h. in one direction and clocked a mean speed of 69·2 m.p.h. on two runs in opposite directions

One good result of the petrol shortage was a reduction in the accident figures for November. At any rate, it may be assumed that the lighter traffic and slower driving (to save petrol) made a wholesome contribution to the welcome reduction in casualties. And that reminds me .... The British Road Research Laboratory recently issued a report on the subject of the nature of the injuries suffered in road accidents. From this report it is clear that Britain lags behind the United States in research on this important aspect of road safety.

A good deal of research goes on in Britain into causes of the accidents themselves, but it has been left to America to take the lead in investigating the kind of injuries caused when cars collide, motor-cycles skid or when pedestrians or cyclists are bowled over. The Road Research Laboratory considers that car designers could help considerably in preventing serious injury by modifications to accepted fashions in car design. It thinks there would be fewer serious casualties, for instance, if steering-wheels, steering columns and windscreens were redesigned: if motorists were encouraged to wear a safety harness; if more cars were fitted with crash-pads; if dangerous excrescences like hand-brakes, control knobs and parcel trays were modified; if doors could be prevented from swinging open in the event of a crash; and so on.

A "DRIVE-IN" BANK IN AMERICA: This electronically-controlled turntable in a bank in Chicago enables customers to be served without leaving their cars. A client drives on to the turntable, following the directions of the left-hand arrow and of the traffic light. His car is turned until it faces a passage lined with cashiers' windows.

THE CUSTOMER IS SERVED: Having left the turntable in the left background, a customer is being served in his car, which stands by one of the three cashiers' windows. Overhead lights tell the customer at which window to pull up. A cashier waits in the box on the right. Her window is of bullet-proof glass and she speaks to the client through a two-way loud-speaker. All articles passed between customer and clerk are transferred in a metal drawer. The customer's signature is checked with the bank's signature files on a closed-circuit television system in the cashier's office.

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POWER IN THE GLENS

Progress on the Glen Moriston Hydro-electric Scheme, Inverness

The mountains and streams of the Scottish Highlands offer plenty of scope for the exploitation of hydro-electric power. One of the major schemes which recently came into partial operation was that at Glen Moriston, Inverness. The Glen Moriston hydro-electric development, as it is known, makes use of the water power resources of 158 square miles of catchment area to produce about 213,000,000 units of electricity. There are two main dams, one at Loch Loyne and one at Loch Cluanie. The Loch Loyne dam is 1,745 ft. long and 54 ft. high. The water contained by this dam, after passing through a small power station, is discharged through a tunnel 7,600 ft. long into Loch Cluanie. This loch has at its outlet the second dam, 2,234 ft. long and 118 ft. high. The Cluanie dam has increased the length of the loch by about three miles. From Loch Cluanie, the water is carried through a tunnel 14,000 ft. long to an underground power station near Ceannacroc. This station has a capacity of 20,000 kilowatts, its two generators producing 16,000 and 4,000 kW. respectively. It operates 303 ft. below the ground.

The machine chamber is unusual. The rock has been left bare on the main side walls, and fluorescent lighting is used to illuminate this feature and the vaulted concrete roof. Ceannacroc came into full operation last November, and is this country's first major underground power station. Another station, of 6,000 kW., will, when it begins work, use the waters of the River Doe. The water discharged from this station will be fed into the main tunnel to Ceannacroc and used again in that station. All Ceannacroc's water is discharged into the River Moriston. At Dundreggan, in lower Glen Moriston, another dam, which will be 55 ft. high, and a power station are being constructed.

On left—

ELECTRICITY FOR THE HIGHLANDS: This dam at Dundreggan, in Glen Moriston, Inverness, is being built as part of the Glen Moriston hydro-electric development scheme. The dam, one of three in the scheme, will be 55 ft. high.

INSIDE A POWER STATION: Workmen construct the spiral casing at the Dundreggan power station. *On right*—The interior of the machine chamber at Ceannacroc power station is unusual. The rock of the side walls has been left bare. Fluorescent floodlighting illuminates this feature, and also the vaulted concrete roof. Ceannacroc is the first major underground power station in Great Britain.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

FICTION AND REALITY

A Variety of New Novels, with Settings in Britain and Elsewhere, in the Past and the Present; Two Remarkable Autobiographies

ONE of the first novels of the first month of the New Year is also, in the old-fashioned, affectionate phrase, a real little beauty. Miss Margery Sharp has written about a female child who is as far from the "dear little girl" of convention as can well be imagined, about the child's aunt and about the man who for some years has been keeping that aunt. He is middle-aged, rather stout, utterly unremarkable either in aspect or in means. She is his contemporary, thin to skinniness and without either wit or vivacity. Nevertheless, their love, which could have seemed sordid to the strait-laced and ridiculous to almost everyone, is as passionate, as enduring and as disinterested as the love of Tristan and Yseult.

In THE EYE OF LOVE (Collins. 13s. 6d.), fat Mr. Gibson is transmuted to a King Hal, a Big Harry, and little Miss Diver in her absurd shawl, her pathetic fur piece, to Dolores, a Spanish Rose. As they exist for all practical purposes in a vacuum when circumstances part them from each other, no shadow of the grotesque occurs to them. As for the child, barely in her teens, outwardly stolid and inwardly fiercely concentrated on her life of drawing, observing and drawing again, she is as real a creation as any I have read since the children of *A High Wind in Jamaica*.

The scene is London, the time the early 1930's and the economic level is that of a mildly successful furrier on one hand and a less successful colleague, King Hal, on the other. For Mr. Gibson, as the story opens, is faced with the dreadful alternatives of leaving his Spanish Rose and marrying the daughter of his business benefactor or simply being ruined. Miss Sharp, who has a kind of wit of the heart which seems quite particular to her, writes of this small, respectable *milieu* with the most acute perception and the liveliest invention. There is not a character without his own ring of authenticity, and I can recommend the book to you as a slightly belated New Year's present.

Speaking as a strong anti-fantasy partisan, I can still say that I greatly enjoyed Mr. Paul Capon's little prank, INTO THE TENTH MILLENNIUM (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.). It is the story of a young couple who start out on a walking tour in Cornwall and end up miles and millenniums away. It could be said—and with some moderation—that not all hikers meet such a fate, but, having read this particular adventure, I am not sure that they wouldn't all wish to. For the country to which this bride and groom are whisked has hundredth-century ideas of comfort far more advanced than their twentieth-century predecessors' and an atmosphere of gaiety and tolerance which could be described as the direct antithesis of a Watch Committee's mental climate. A diverting book in the escape-literature class.

ROLL BACK THE SKY (Wingate. 15s.) is Mr. Ward Taylor's novel which, we are told, is exclusively about the achievements of the U.S. Air Force. While this pronouncement lacks a certain originality to people who can still remember how Erroll Flynn won the Burma campaign, it is more or less exact if love, marriage and extra-marital adventure are included in off-duty achievements. As so often with this type of story, written by a man with war experience, the scenes of action are by far the best. In this case they could easily have carried the interest of the reader throughout quite independently of the tenderer aspects of the story.

Just to make sure that one does not retire into any cosy insularity, there are three novels from and about other quarters of the world. The first of these is Mr. James Ambrose Brown's SPLENDID SUNDAY (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.), a tale of some of the squalid little townships around Johannesburg where the natives of Africa must live if they leave their tribal homes. Mr. Brown, who, as I remember, once wrote a magnificent account of the day-to-day fighting at El Alamein and is now on the staff of a newspaper in Africa, is a Scot who writes with both fury and compassion.

THE REBEL (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.) is by M. Francois Clement and has been the winner of a French literary prize designed for authors under the age of thirty-five. It is concerned with Mexico and with a young Indian boy who grows to an uncertain kind of maturity far from his village and its routine of poor days and peaceful nights. Juan grows up to understand what happens to an Indian boy without the resources of money or a craft in the civilisation that Mexico City represents. He returns to his village with his warning—and meets tragedy. M. Clement, too, is a compassionate observer and, since this is only his first novel, I feel that we shall hear much more of him in the future.

ASIAN WRITERS' CONGRESS: Among those seated at the table in New Delhi are the Japanese writer Yoshie Hotta (second from left); the bearded Indian author Kaka Kalelkar, and next beyond him another distinguished Indian writer, Humayan Kabir, who presided at the Congress of Asian writers held in the Indian capital last month. Delegates from many Asian countries discussed literary movements and trends.

THE SLEEP OF THE JUST (Cresset Press. 15s.) is, in its way, a rarity: a novel by an Algerian Arab, Mouloud Mammeri, that has been translated from the French by Mr. Len Ortzen. It is more than likely that, as the publishers claim, it throws light on the traditions and ways of life of the Arabs and their reactions to the Western world. It is also true that the story makes a fierce impact, both in its brutality and its simplicity.

Two fresh contrasts are represented by the next two novels: a romantic reconstruction of El Greco's life and a graceful glance at high society in Regency days. Veronica de Osa's THE MYSTIC FINGER SYMBOL (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) is one of those historical-fictional essays so filled with great figures as to be rather overwhelming, as when Tintoretto and Domenicos (later El Greco) are working together on a canvas and discussing Titian and that master's opinion of Michelangelo. But for the most part this study is both restrained and highly intelligent.

APRIL LADY (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.) is by Miss Georgette Heyer, which is to say that it has innate elegance, faultless evocation of Regency manners of speech, behaviour and fashion, and even more wit than, I have sometimes thought, that period deserved. Here you will find plot and counter-plot, neatly twined in and out and ending in a positive bouquet (planned with the delicacy and originality that Mrs. Spry might bring to a flowery one) of explanation and solution. An important point, however, in all Miss Heyer's novels of the period is that not only does the reader feel that the research has been meticulously done and that any expression, any reference to a custom or a habit will be exactly correct, but that the story itself will have a vitality and bracing quality (the adjective is one of Miss Heyer's own) never found among works which aspire merely to the genteel.

There is only one detective-story this week, but it is far more of a treat than three lesser ones. Miss Ngaio Marsh's OFF WITH HIS HEAD (Crime Club. 12s. 6d.) is about a village tucked away in some green corner of England, two families of local worthies, one up at the castle, one down, so to speak, at the gate, and an enquiring Teutonic lady who wants to examine the mysteries of some yearly sword-dances. A fine set-up for a prospective murderer, and so thinks the murderer, too. Altogether very satisfactory, although I found there was too little of Superintendent Alleyn and rather too much of whimsy old Crack, the Hobby Horse.

A SURGEON IN PARIS (Museum Press. 16s.) is the autobiography of Dr. Charles F. Bove, who, for twenty-five years, was on the staff of the American Hospital in Paris, survived the fall of the city in 1940, and now, in his sixties, is practising in his own country, where he has set down these memories. Dr. Bove's reminiscences are sometimes extremely interesting, sometimes amusing and at no time pompous. His view of Paris and his affection for it are implicit throughout his writing, while his final chapter is not so much a summing-up of his career as a pæan to Paris—"the city where no one lacks dignity."

FIVE FAGS A DAY (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is a very different affair: Mr. John Petty's account of his own life as a scrap-picker or, more exactly, a man who makes his living by picking waste metal off a dump near Walsall and later selling it to a merchant for a few shillings. Fortunately, Mr. Petty's lifelong wish has been to write, and with immense determination, in spite of poverty and severe ill-health, he has given us this record, of which, in his preface, Mr. Angus Wilson writes: "I do not find it easy to forget many of the passages in this book, and it is perhaps the peculiar quality of Mr. Petty's vision that, ghastly though they are, I do not wish to forget them."

A FAMILY IN EGYPT

A Survey from Cromer to Nasser

With political feeling running high, it is hard to get a clear picture of Egypt in the grip of momentous self-appointed change after nearly 2,000 years under rulers of foreign origin. No one could be better qualified to present a balanced picture than Mary Rowlatt, who was born in Egypt in 1908 and whose family has lived there for five generations. She has a great love for the Egyptian scene, desert and city alike, and a very clear knowledge of the currents and undercurrents that have been, and still are, important factors in political and social life. A FAMILY IN EGYPT (Robert Hale. 18s.) is a most friendly and intelligent book, intensely shrewd in its assessments both of past and present leaders.

Miss Rowlatt is clearly a keen admirer of Lord Cromer's great administration and she acknowledges Britain's ability to create order and stability in other lands than her own, to set up communications, produce good water supplies, and create administrative machinery which actually works. But good material results are not everything, she says. Here, perhaps, is the core of her thinking—"the art of winning hearts can only be accomplished by giving the heart in the first place." Often she makes us feel that in Egypt we have done the right thing in the wrong way; there has been rectitude, fairness and justice, but not always a true humanity in our approach. This is a book which may arouse a violent reaction in some readers who have had proconsular experience in the Middle East, but it is written with wit, wisdom and restraint, and none would gainsay that it stems from close observance and knowledge of Egypt.

Prince Chula Chakrabongse of Siam, like Premier Nehru of India, is an Easterner who came west to Harrow for his education. Like many before and since, he had an exacting time of it during his sojourn on the Hill, but he clearly came to understand and appreciate not only the system of work and play but all that lay behind it. THE TWAIN HAVE MET (G. T. Foulis. 25s.) is not only an excellent autobiography by a Prince who writes English with delightful facility, but it is in part a dynastic history, and great interest attaches to all that he has to say about the history and politics of his country. Even so, the chapters on school and undergraduate life in England are perhaps the most engaging in this book, which is really a feast of many different courses, touching as it also does on the world of motor-racing, of diplomacy and of travel.

Under a gauntlet of continuous attack, Britain's Arctic convoys carried through the task of supplying military materials and Red Cross supplies to the Russian ports of Murmansk and Archangel during the war. Each journey was a perilous struggle for survival amid mountainous seas, fog, pack-ice, snowstorms and Arctic darkness, not to mention the full frenzy of German might as represented by the U-boats, the shore-based torpedo-bombers and also the ever-menacing battleship *Tirpitz*. In ORDEAL BELOW ZERO (Souvenir Press. 18s.) Georges Blond tells the heroic story of these convoys, in which in one year alone, 1941-42, we lost 64 ships and 656 aircraft, with cargoes including 1,226 tanks and 8,422 vehicles.

SHAKESPEARE AT THE OLD VIC (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.) is a photographic and textual record of the great season of 1955-56 when productions of *Julius Cæsar*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Othello* and *Troilus and Cressida* formed part of a most satisfying bill. Paul Rogers, Richard Burton and John Neville were the bright stars of this great season. The profits from this record of it will go to the Old Vic's Building Fund. The authors are Roger Wood and Mary Clarke.

Arthur Constance's THE INEXPLICABLE SKY (Werner Laurie. 21s.) is a notable survey of the heavens by a writer who is far from being an orthodox scientist and has gained a considerable reputation as an authority on celestial phenomena. Some of Mr. Constance's ideas are indeed challenging. He does not believe in man's ability to explore the solar system, but his researches have convinced him that beings are coming to this world from other worlds and other dimensions, and that this is something for which we should be prepared.

Hendrik de Leeuw, a world traveller who is as familiar with Borneo as the Zuider Zee, has written a frank, disturbing and controversial book which he calls WOMAN, THE DOMINANT SEX (Arco Publishers. 16s.). Woman was born in chains, but everywhere is acquiring freedom—that is the author's theme, and he pursues it with relentless argument.

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TERRORISM IN NORTHERN IRELAND

Armed Raiders Carry Out Further Attacks on Police Stations

A SECOND ATTACK ON A POLICE STATION IN CO. FERMANAGH: "B" specials stand outside the Royal Ulster Constabulary Station at Derrylin, which was attacked by armed terrorists for the second time within a month. The front door was blown in by a heavy bomb and the raiders opened fire at the opening. The police returned the fire. Constable John Scally was wounded in the attack and died before reaching hospital. The first attack on the police station was made earlier in December.

A CAPTURED LORRY WHICH HAD BEEN USED BY ARMED MEN IN AN ATTACK AT ENNISKILLEN: It was one which the men used in their assault on the Brookeborough Police Station. They drove into the town, machine-gunned the station and then made off. The police, who went in pursuit, later found a lorry abandoned. A search was made and a dead man and a wounded man (who later died) were found. *On right*—Traffic is held up by a fallen telegraph-pole which had been sawn down by terrorists near Derrylin.

"MURDER HUNT": Men of the Warwickshire Regiment search the marshland near Derrylin after the attack on the police station. It was regarded as a murder hunt. Search parties in another area captured armed men and ammunition.

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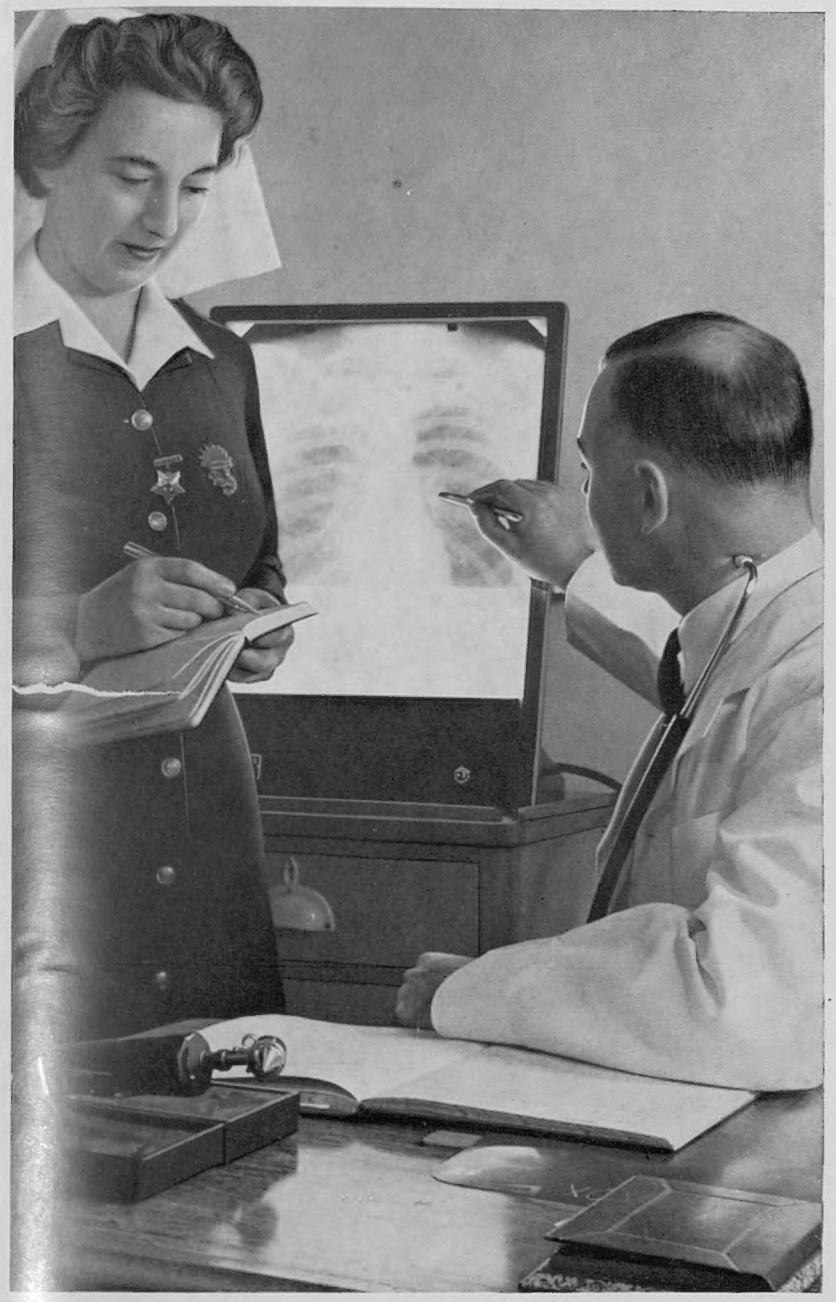
MAN WITH A PATIENT OUTLOOK



SHIPS' SURGEON, *aboard the* P & O *ship*, ARCADIA

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He's a man with a patient outlook—enjoying the best of health—your health. He is highly professional, and intensely human. And he's not alone in this . . . far from it. He has a fully-qualified assistant, a staff of nursing sisters, a sickbay and even an operating theatre fully equipped for any emergency (if ever one should arise). He is watchful of your welfare . . . ready for anything . . . from a touch of sunburn or an aching tooth . . . to an 'interesting event'. He is Ship's Surgeon aboard the P & O steamship ARCADIA . . . as vital to life aboard her as the P & O is to the Commonweath lifeline.

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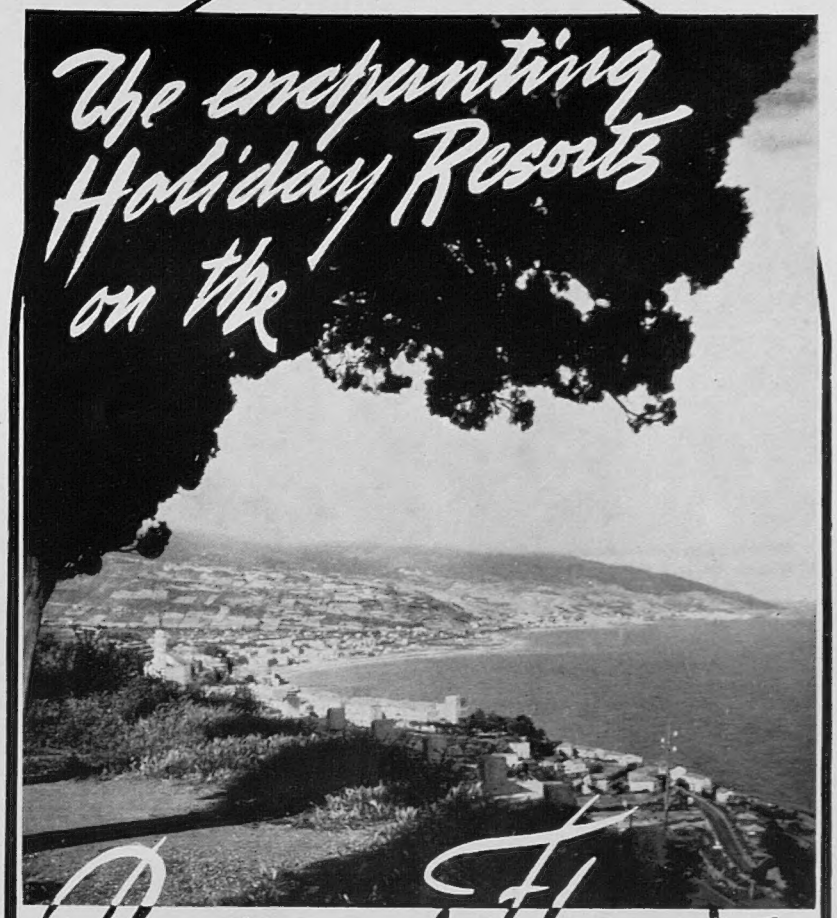

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